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No. 149. Vol. XXV. FEBRUARY, 1904. Price Sixpence.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

With this number of The Bookman we have pleasure in presenting to our readers an interesting collection of pictures connected with the life and work of Goethe. For assistance in obtaining these illustrations we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. J. Baer and Co., of Frankfort-on-Main, who very courteously placed at our disposal a large quantity of valuable material; to Dr. C. Ruland, of the Goethe National Museum at Weimar, for permission to reproduce photographs of the poet's house and a number of portraits; to the Freies Deutsches Hochstift, of Frankfort-on-Main, for allowing us to include several pictures from their "Festschrift" and "Goethekatalog"; to the Verlagsbuchhandlung Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna, for various portraits from Dr. Rollett's "Die Goethe Bildnisse"; to the G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Berlin, for Von Ramberg's drawing from "Hermann and Dorothea"; to the Verlagsanstalt F. Bruckmann, Munich, for Kreling's illustration from "Faust" and the Tischbein portrait; to Messrs. Williams and Norgate for the loan of a valuable work on Goethe; to Mr. John Murray, Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd., Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. for supplying pictures, and to the J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung, Stuttgart, for kindly affording other facilities.

A Portrait of Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill.

Which appears as a frontispiece to the charming little volume of "Letters written by a Grandfather," noticed in another column.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. S. C. Brown, Langham and Co., Ltd.)

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have in the press a new novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The title of the volume will be "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen." The book is written in the author's well-known bright and humorous style, detailing her adventures in the Island of Rügen on the Baltic Coast.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has recently completed the manuscript of a new short story, entitled "Foreordained." It will be published serially in this country in the *Windsor Magazine*, and simultaneously in America in the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

We regret to hear that Mr. Morley Roberts has been unwell, and, as a result, has been ordered to spend the remainder of the winter abroad. A volume of stories from his pen, entitled "Bianca's Caprice, and Other Stories," will be published this spring. It will bear the imprint of Messrs. F. V. White and Co.

The new series of "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," which are now being published in *Pearson's Magazine*, will, when the serial publication is concluded, be issued in book-form by Messrs. Methuen and Co., under the title of "Old Gorgon Graham."

We are interested to hear that the

sale of the English and Colonial editions of the "Self-Made Merchant" has now reached close upon 40,000 copies.

We are glad to hear that, since the publication of our last issue, Senator Platt has altered the Bill which he is promoting for the amendment of certain sections of the American Copyright Act, and that the objectionable feature to which we referred in our last issue has been removed.

Mr. W. Heinemann will publish shortly a new novel by Elizabeth Robins, the author of "The Open Question." The name of the work will be "The Magnetic North." Another novel to be issued shortly by the same firm is the "Island Pharisees," by John Galsworthy.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Justin McCarthy will finish volume vi. of "The History of our own Times," which deals with the events dating from the Diamond Jubilee in 1897 to the Accession of King Edward the Seventh, in time for publication this year. What is more probable is that Messrs. Chatto and Windus will issue a volume of "Reminiscences," dealing with Mr. McCarthy's early life as a journalist. The title of this volume will be "The Story of an Irishman."

"A Daughter of the Vine" and "American Wives and English Husbands," two novels by Gertrude Atherton, have been transferred to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., and will in future be published by that firm.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has in the press for early publication a volume by an anonymous author, entitled "The Letters which never reached him." This book, we understand, has had a very large circulation on the Continent. It is being translated from the German into English by the author, and Mr. Nash expects to publish it early in March.

Mrs. Felkin (Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler) has, at the special request of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, agreed to write a series of short articles for publication at an early date in the *Daily Mail*.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish in February "A Conspiracy under the Terror," translated by Charles Laroche from the French of Paul Gaulot. The book, which will contain facsimiles and illustrations, will be published at 6s. It will deal with Marie Antoinette, Toulan, and Jarjayes.

Mr. W. Heinemann has in the press a new novel by Dolf Wyllarde, entitled "Uriah the Hittite." It will be remembered that this author's "Story of Eden," published last year, met with a considerable amount of success. Dolf Wyllarde's new book deals with life in a small island, which is a British possession in the Mozambique Channel.

We understand that Mr. George R. Sims is engaged upon a work of a very interesting description. "Dagonet" has during his career collected a very large number of autograph letters, and he proposes to publish a selection of these in volume form, together with several others he has been granted the right to use. The title of the book is, we understand, "Among my Autographs."

Mr. Grant Richards has in the press, and will issue shortly, a new novel by Vivaria, the author of "Via Lucis." The title of the new work will be "The Garden of Olives."

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish at 1s. paper, and 1s. 6d. cloth edition, Mr. George R. Sims's series of short stories, entitled "Young Mrs. Caudle," which, it will be remembered, appeared in "Men and Women."

Among the new novels to be issued in February by Messrs. Chatto and Windus may be mentioned "Patsey the Omadaun," by M. McD. Bodkin; "V.C.: A Chronicle of Castle Barford and of the Crimea," by D. Christie Murray; "The Picaroons," by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. The same house have also in hand a new novel by Miss Florence Warden, entitled "What ought she to do?" This will, in all probability, not be published until March.

Andrew Halliday Douglas in 1892.

From a Photograph by John Warrack, Esq., taken from "Andrew Halliday Douglas: Five Sermons," which is reviewed on another page.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons will

publish in February a new handbook on "Pewter Plate," by H. J. L. J. Massé. For the purpose of illustrations the author has inspected the various collections in the different Continental museums, securing photographs of the most typical and most noteworthy specimens. At the same time he has received the courteous assistance of many well-known owners of private collections.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish shortly a handsome book on the methods of great golfers, by George W. Beldam. There will be 260 instantaneous photographs of golf celebrities taken in actual play. Messrs. Braid, Herd, Taylor, and Vardon have each written instructive notes on their own strokes, as illustrated by their photographs.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish about the middle of February Mr. Albert D. Van Dam's posthumous work, "Men and Manners of the Third Republic." We understand that the MS. was all completed before the author died, but not revised. The manuscript has been carefully gone over before being sent to press.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish early in February a sixpenny edition of Mr. H. G. Wells's successful work, "Anticipations." The same firm have also in the press a new novel by Mary Stuart Boyd, entitled "A Man in the Wood."

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish shortly a new novel by Lady Helen Forbes, entitled "His Eminence."

The Society of Authors has taken up the cudgels on behalf of Mr. Rudyard Kipling against the publisher, at present unknown, who has pirated his "Barrack-Room Ballads." We hope that they will be able to trace the gentleman in question, and that they will succeed in bringing him to justice.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's new book, "Two Little Savages," which has already sold over 30,000 copies in the United States, will be issued in England this spring. The story is of two boys who, living in the woods, became acquainted with animals and birds and learned the fascinating secrets of woodcraft. The suggestion for this book came from the letters that boy readers of his books had written Mr. Thompson Seton. No less than fifty bands of "Seton Indians" were formed last year in various parts of the United States, being modelled after Mr. Seton's savages, and Mr. Seton's correspondence with the tribes amounted to fully a thousand letters of advice on woodcraft, etc. A rugged island in a wooded lake on his private estate and a wild animal preserve in Connecticut was turned into a large camp with real Tepees, canoes and paraphernalia, and here boys who presented themselves at the gates with no other introduction than that they were Seton Indians, were taught to take care of themselves, to light fires by rubbing dry sticks, and the ways of the woods. "Two Little Savages" is indeed

From a Photo by Peters, Cape Town. **Mr. Robert Aitken.**

The clever author of "Windfalls," a volume of stories which has attracted very considerable attention.

(Reproduced by the kindness of Mr. G. A. Morton.)

a new "Robinson Crusoe," and as such it is sure to have a great sale among Thompson Seton's admirers in all parts of the world. Mr. Seton is, by the way, arranging a lecturing tour in this country for the latter part of this year. He is perhaps the most successful lecturer living.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling are now settled in their house at Capetown, and are enjoying the midsummer which prevails there at this—for us—foggy time of year.

Messrs. Isbister will shortly publish "Nature Note-Book for 1904," in which that delightful observer and lover of nature, E. Kay Robinson, has penned his impressions of the year 1903. It is practically the diary of a dweller in the country; blank pages will be inserted between the months for the reader's own notes.

"My Philosophy of Life" is the title of a book of Miss Helen Keller, the blind-deaf American lady, which will prove as remarkable as her recent autobiography; it is wonderful for a deaf-blind person to write of herself, it is still more wonderful for her to deal with the world of thought outside of herself. The book is an expression of her optimistic philosophy, the creed of life which she has derived from her own experience and from her wide knowledge of books and history.

An interesting experiment in publishing has been

The Rev. Edw. Nares, D.D.
The "Versatile Professor," a review of whose interesting Reminiscences appears in this number.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Brimley Johnson.)

attempted in the case of "The Red-Keggers," a novel of Life in a Michigan Lumber Camp, which is having a very large sale in the United States. The novel is issued by the Booklover Press, a co-operative corporation of retail booksellers comprising over 250 prominent retail booksellers in as many cities and towns throughout the United States, and practically covering the whole country. The publication committee of this corporation consists of several prominent booksellers in various States, and after "The Red-Keggers" had been recommended by the literary advisers of the Booklover Press, each of these practical booksellers in turn read the manuscript, and in submitting his favourable opinion backed up his judgment by placing an advance order for 250, 500, and in some cases 1,000 copies. Thus the publication committee of the corporation ordered enough copies of the book to warrant its publication; and the remaining members of the corporation, respecting the judgment of practical booksellers, backed up with such substantial orders, in turn placed good advance orders for themselves. As a result, the first edition of 10,000 copies was over-sold before the day of publication.

Another interesting feature of the business methods of this new publishing firm is the fact that the local members throughout the country not only sell the book at retail in their own stores, but they also supply it at wholesale to all other dealers in their territory; and since the territory is definitely allotted to each member, so as to include all of the United States, this secures a complete and simultaneous introduction of this new book throughout the whole country on the day of publication.

But there is another feature of still greater interest that is characteristic of the business methods of this new firm. Since the local members, who are designated as local distributing agents, have the exclusive wholesale and retail sale of the book in the territory assigned to them, and since they are restrained by contract from wholesaling the books outside of their allotted territory, each member makes a fair wholesale profit on all books supplied to other dealers in his territory, in addition to the retail profit on all books sold in his store. For this reason, he can afford to advertise and push the sale of the book, as he makes a wholesale and retail profit on every book sold in his territory. Such has been the success of this first venture of the Booklover Press that the sale of "The Red-Keggers" is rapidly approaching twenty thousand copies. The story itself has been compared to the novels of Ralph Connor and Stewart Edward White, and the British rights have been secured by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

DECEMBER 21ST, 1903, TO JANUARY 20TH, 1904.

Again the season fraught with so much anxiety to the book trade has become a subject of history, and notwithstanding the many pessimistic forebodings, has in the main proved entirely satisfactory. The public delayed somewhat in making their purchases, but when once they fully realised that Christmas was close at hand, and books had to be purchased, they rose to the occasion, and as we closed our last report the wholesale houses were straining every resource to meet the heavy demands made upon them.

Undoubtedly the Life of Mr. Gladstone, by John Morley, has been, and is still continuing to be one of the most prominent items of sale. Of course the sales of the weeks following the festival have been almost entirely a reflex of previous prominent lines. A time of comparative slackness has supervened, but although there has been no work of importance issued, the demand in several classes has, if somewhat quieter, been steadily maintained.

The increased interest manifested in the Creevy papers has necessitated the production of a further edition.

In 6s. fiction Mr. Seton Merriman's "Barlasch of the Guard" still proves exceedingly attractive, but many of the volumes previously recorded in our reports have continued to enjoy a ready sale.

The commencement of a new year is of course the time when Diaries, Almanacks, and Calendars of all descriptions loom largely in trade transactions. It would be an impossibility to note all the prominent issues in this line, but at the same time the increased popularity of the well-known Whitaker must be mentioned, and also the large sale of the "Daily Mail Year Book." There have been few orders during the past weeks which have not contained one or the other.

The death of Mr. Herbert Spencer has caused a slightly increased demand for several of his works, but they are above the ordinary range of the average reader,

and with the exception of his volume on Education, none can be said to be really popular.

Mention must also be made of the popularity of two books of a mystical nature by A. C. Benson, "The Light Invisible," which has been before the public for some little time, and the more recent "Hill of Trouble," both of which have sold freely.

With the opening of the schools a fair portion of the trade of the past week or two has been in scholastic literature, and whilst there is not the great demand for any particular book as in years past, the variety in this class of publication is much more extensive.

"Odd Craft," by W. W. Jacobs, is still going well, and has been the most popular 3s. 6d. line.

Sixpenny Reprints continue to appear with a persistent regularity, but the demand has during the past month been very limited. Herbert Spencer's "Education" has, however, at this price sold freely.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Place and Power. By Ellen Thorneycroft Felkin. (Hutchinson.)
Heart of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller Couch. (Harper.)
Katharine Frensham. By Beatrice Harraden. (W. Blackwood.)
The Yellow Van. By Richard Whiteing. (Hutchinson.)
The Boy Galloper. By the Intelligence Officer. (W. Blackwood.)
The Long Night. By S. J. Weyman. (Longmans.)
The Hill of Trouble. By A. C. Benson. (Isbister.)

Life of W. E. Gladstone. By John Morley. 3 vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)
The Creevy Papers. By Sir. H. Maxwell. 2 vols. 32s. net. (J. Murray.)
The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Methuen.)
Odd Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)
People of the Abyss. By Jack London. 6s. (Isbister.)
Burns (Robert), Life. 1s. net and 2s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Education. By Herbert Spencer. 2s. 6d., and 6d. (Williams and Norgate.)
Whitaker's Almanack. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Whitaker.)
Daily Mail Year Book. 1s. 6d. net. (Office.)
Cobden, Life of. By J. Morley. 2s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Letters of a Self-made Merchant. 6s. (Methuen.)
Burney (Fanny), Memoirs. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Chamber's Cyclopædia of English Literature. Vol. 3. 10s. (Chambers.)
Who's Who. 1904. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Diaries and Calendars of all descriptions.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Dec. 26—Intensity apparent in all departments.
Jan. 2—A very slack week.
" 9—Trade still quiet, but somewhat brisker.
" 16—Continued improvement. Export very good.

(2) SCOTLAND.

DECEMBER 14TH, 1903, TO JANUARY 18TH, 1904.

Chiefly on account of the excellent variety provided for the Christmas season, booksellers experienced rather a busy time, and were well pleased with the business done. Thin paper editions in leather bindings of standard works were very popular as Christmas gifts, and all the leading publishing houses catering for this development in trade obtained deserved success. Special mention may be made here of Messrs. Nelson as the pioneers in this department of publishing.

The most successful religious work was unquestionably the Rev. Hugh Black's volume entitled "Work," which many thousands were sold; and on account of it's containing the result of many years' ardent study the late Professor A. B. Davidson's "Old Testament Prophecy" commended itself to a large circle of thoughtful readers.

Undoubtedly the continued ready sale for Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone, and, in lesser degree, Lord Wolseley's "Story of a Soldier's Life," must be held to be the chief features of the past season's trade as surpassing all expectation and preparation.

Any great public movement invariably leaves its mark on the book trade. The fiscal controversy was bound to do this, and many books and pamphlets were prominent, chiefly those written by leading politicians.

The lamented death of Mr. George Gissing led to many requests for his books, evidently the best known being "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." So far as the general bookseller was concerned, the death of Mr. Herbert Spencer, although much noticed in the better class monthlies and quarterlies, did not result in special demands for his philosophical works.

Encouraged by the success of their Handy Shilling Atlas, Messrs. Newnes issued a Handy Touring Atlas of the British Isles, which readily sold, and a little book entitled "Business Success," by G. G. Millar, published by Walter Scott, in handy pocket size, was favourably noticed by the press.

Of course the war cloud in the East created a demand for War Maps, and as an evidence of the great interest excited in Japan, Mr. Douglas Sladen's book, "Queer

Photo by Elliott and Fry. **Mr. H. W. Nevinson.**
Whose new book, "Between the Acts," is reviewed in another column.

Things in Japan," although rather an expensive work, had a good sale.

One of the best selling books of the month was "Concerning Golf," by John L. Low, and its sale will be sure to increase as the season advances.

Six of the best six-shilling novels were "The Heart of Rome," by Marion Crawford; "Kitty Costello," by Mrs. Alexander; "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox; "Her Own People," by B. M. Croker; "Rebecca," by Kate D. Wiggin; and "Hetty Wesley," by A. T. Quiller Couch.

Twelve of the best selling sixpenny reprints were "Chiffon's Marriage," "The Channings," "Childerbridge Mystery," "Far Above Rubies," "The Farringdons," "The Filibusters," "The Gamblers," "Great Porter Square," "My Lady Frivol," "Pomeroy Abbey," "Shadow on the Snow," and "Red Pottage."

The magazine trade was very brisk. A new monthly entered the field, entitled *Technics*, and several others were announced for immediate publication.

The sales of Whitaker's Almanack were larger than ever, and the Daily Mail Year Book, although increased in price, was quite as popular as before.

The following is our list of best selling books :—

The Life of W. E. Gladstone. By John Morley. 3 vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)
The Story of a Soldier's Life. By Viscount Wolseley. 2 vols. 32s. net. (Constable.)
Men of the Covenant. By A. Smellie. 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)
Work. By Rev. Hugh Black. 2s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Old Testament Prophecy. By the late Dr. A. B. Davidson. 10s. 6d. net. (Clark.)
Queer Things About Japan. By Douglas Sladen. 21s. net. (Treherne.)
Concerning Golf. By John L. Low. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Keystone of Empire. By the Author of "Martyrdom of an Empress." 7s. 6d. (Harper.)
Collins' Illustrated Pocket Novels. 1s., 2s., and 3s. (Collins.)
Bartholomew's Map of China. 1s.
Whitaker's Almanack. 1s. net. and 2s. 6d. net.
Daily Mail Year Book. 1s. 6d. net.

Six Shilling Novels.

The Heart of Rome. By Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Her Own People. By B. M. Croker. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Kitty Costello. By Mrs. Alexander. (Unwin.)
Rebecca. By K. D. Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)
Barbe of Grand Bayou. By John Oxenham. (Hodder.)
Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller Couch. (Harper.)
The Yellow Van. By R. Whiteing. (Hutchinson.)
Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder)
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. By John Fox. (Constable.)
Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By George Gissing. (Constable.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

FEBRUARY 6—MARCH 4.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

February 6th.

MEADE, MRS. L. T.—Silenced, 5s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, 21s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
BALLANTYNE, R. M.—Gorilla Hunters, 1s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
WHYTE-MELVILLE, G. J.—Tilbury Nogo, 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)

February 8th.

PELLO, S. F.—The Septuagint 2 Vols. 12s. net (Skeffington)
PELLO, S. F.—Hades, 5s. net ..... (Skeffington)
BAKER, H. BARTON.—History of the London Stage, 1576-1903 (Routledge)
BUCKLE, T.—History of Civilisation. Edited by John M. Robertson. 5s. ..... (Routledge)
HOFFMANN, PROF.—Later Magic. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. (Routledge)
MEDD, J. C. (Editor).—Nature-Study Readers. 3 Vols. 1s. 6d. each ..... (Routledge)
BLISSETT, NELLIE K.—Bindweed, 6s. ..... (Constable)
FORBES, MARGARET.—Beattie and His Friends, 15s. net (Constable)
LAUMONIER, DR.—New Methods of Treatment, 7s. 6d. (Constable)
PICTHALL, M.—Enid, 6s. ..... (Constable)
COLEMAN, JOHN.—Fifty Years of an Actor's Life, 24s. net (Hutchinson)

February 11th.

TANQUERAY, MRS. B.—The Royal Quaker, 6s. .... (Methuen)
BENSON, A. C.—Tennyson, 3s. 6d. and 4s. net ..... (Methuen)
SURTEES, R. S.—Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE.—The Merchant of Venice. The Taming of the Shrew. 2 Vols. 1s. net each ..... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—The Black Tulip, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
MACFARLANE, CHARLES.—The Camp of Refuge, 2s. (Routledge)
LAURIE, J.—Interest Tables, 21s. ..... (Routledge)

February 12th.

DRUMMOND, HAMILTON.—Room No. 5, 6s. (Ward, Lock)
GREEN, A. K.—Hand and Rind, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

February 15th.

CALDERON.—Six Plays. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. 1s. (Routledge)
BERDOE, DR. EDWARD.—A Primer of Browning, 1s. (Routledge)
STANWOOD, EDWARD.—American Tariff Controversies. 2 Vols. 18s. net. ..... (Constable)
HATTON, JOSEPH.—By Order of the Czar. Dramatised Version. 2s. 6d. ..... (Hutchinson)

February 18th.

COBB, THOMAS.—A Change of Face, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
WRIGHT, EDWARD (Editor).—Marvell's Poems, 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
NORRIS, W. E.—The Credit of the County, 6d. ..... (Methuen)

February 19th.

ROBINSON, B. FLETCHER.—Trail of the Dead, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
GUNTER, A. C.—Fighting Troubadour, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Kenilworth, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

February 22nd.

PERTWEE, ERNEST.—Reciter's Treasury of Prose, 3s. 6d. (Routledge)
AFLALO, F. G., W. SENIOR, F. B. MARSTON.—Fishes of Our Seas, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)

February 23rd.

DE QUINCEY.—Opium Eater. Pocket Edition. 1s. net. (A. and C. Black)

February 25th.

FLETCHER, J. S.—David March, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
FLUX, A. W.—Economic Principles, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
FITZGERALD, EDWARD.—Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. (Miniature Library). 1s. net ..... (Methuen)
DUGUID, CHARLES.—The Stock Exchange. (Books on Business). 2s. 6d. net and 3s. ..... (Methuen)
DUTT, W. A.—Suffolk. (Little Guides). 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
Adonais. (Rariora). 2s. net. ..... (Methuen)

February 26th.

GALLON, TOM.—Jarwick the Prodigal, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
MEADE, L. T.—Sorceress of the Strand, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Waverley, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

February 29th.

KELLY, W. PATRICK.—The Stonecutter of Memphis, 3s. 6d. (Routledge)
STRICKLAND, AGNES.—The Life of Queen Elizabeth. Abridged and Edited by Ida A. Taylor. Library of Standard Biography, 1s. and 2s. ..... (Hutchinson)

March 1st.

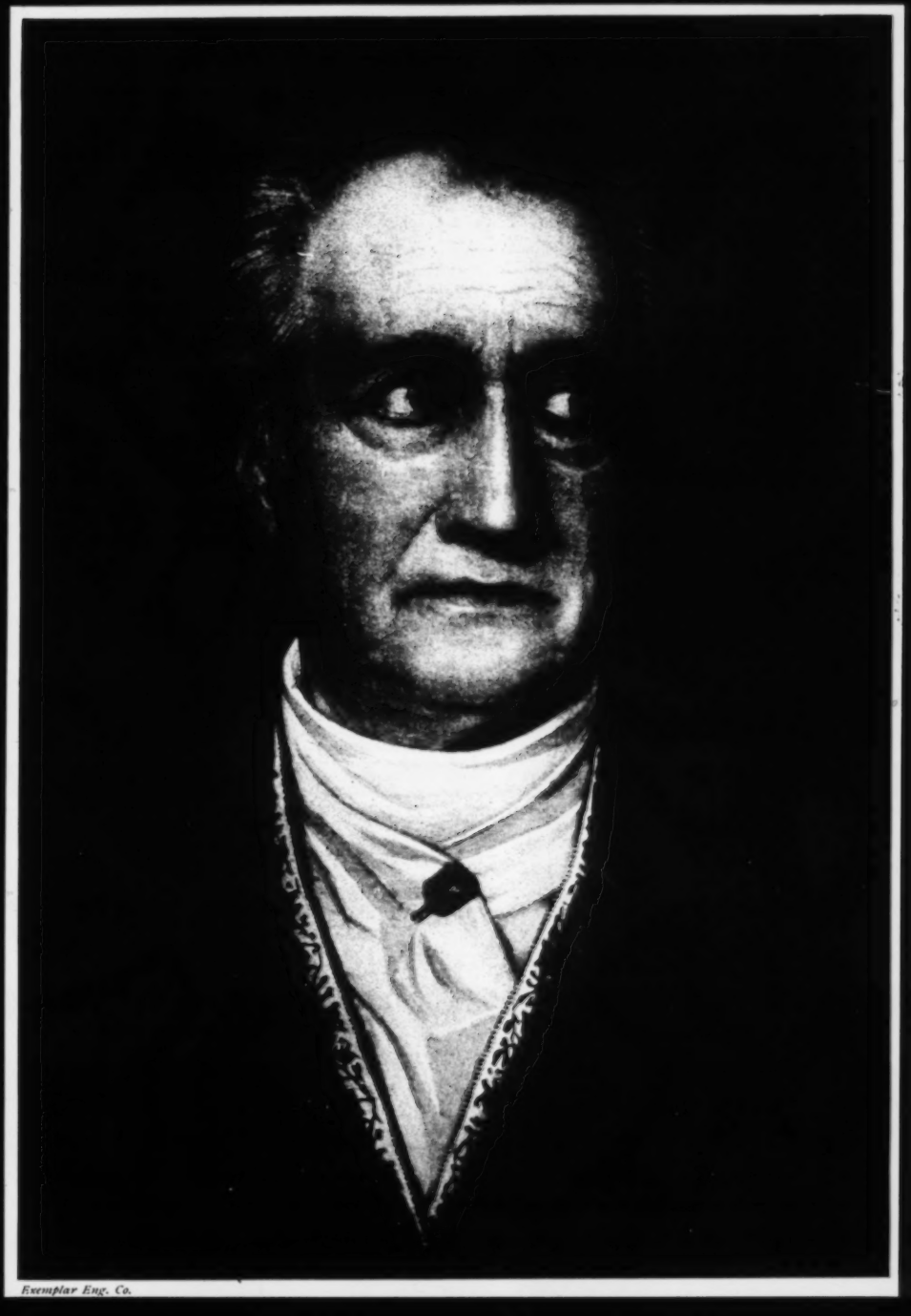
LATHAM, E.—Dictionary of Names, Nicknames, and Surnames, 3s. 6d. ..... (Routledge)
MORRIS, SIR LEWIS.—Poems. Selections. 1s. (Routledge)

March 3rd.

RAWNSLEY, MRS. WILLINGHAM.—The New Forest, 7s. 6d. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
KIDD, DUDLEY.—The Essential Kafir, 20s. net (A. and C. Black)
HIND, C. LEWIS.—Adventures Among Pictures, 7s. 6d. net (A. and C. Black)

March 4th.

CROCKETT, S. R.—Strong Mac, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
MUNRO, ALICK.—A Woman of Wiles, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)



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The Reader.

GOETHE: HIS GENIUS AND INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.

By Edward Dowden.

AFTER all due reservations have been made it remains true that Goethe must be regarded as the most important figure in the history of literature since Shakespeare. In arriving at an estimate we must consider not only height, but also breadth of endeavour and of attainment. Other modern poets have perhaps touched points as high as were ever touched by Goethe. No other poet, no other prose-writer, raised the "pyramid of his existence," to use Goethe's own image, so high from a basis so extended. As a lyrical poet, he is the first of his own country. In a certain enormity of lyrical genius and a vast resonance of voice he is, no doubt, surpassed by Victor Hugo, but he is not surpassed in spontaneity, in lucidity, in perfection of workmanship. And in his dramatic work Goethe is incomparably the greater of the two. No poet so eminent has been so vital, so sure, so complete, so creative a critic. No one else equally rich in wisdom concerning human life has been so distinguished through the divinations of science. No other student of the world of nature has offered us so valuable a store of observations on the conduct of life and the formation of character.

Goethe inherited his joyous temperament, his mobility of feeling, from his mother; his steadfastness and love of order from his father. In his earlier years little of his father's character is manifest in the son, but from mid-manhood onwards his steadfastness takes command of his mobility, giving it direction and control. From his immediate predecessors in German literature Goethe's maturer work derived little. Sir John Seeley happily compared him to a general who has to make his own army, and who in consequence is at a disadvantage, which, even with the most skilful leadership, may entail the loss of some battles. The comparison is just; yet it must not be forgotten that Goethe was not merely a German, but also a European writer, and that behind him lay the wave of eighteenth century intellectual curiosity and audacity, of which the French Encyclopædia is the most complete manifestation, and also the wave of enfranchised passion and sentiment which in England propelled Richardson, afterwards breaking into brilliant spray in the writings of Sterne, and which on the Continent culminated in "La Nouvelle Heloïse," and in Goethe's own "Werther." It was the destructive side of Voltaire's work which most impressed Goethe in his youth, and this repelled him; the influence, however, played upon his intellect, and not without effect; and when, in the hands of Herder, intellectual curiosity —at one with emotion—became constructive, Goethe yielded himself to it with enthusiasm. The wave of sentiment and passion bore him away, but not wholly away, from his true direction, and not for long. There was always within him a certain force making for sanity, a force of control. This was partly the instinct of the artist which must needs lay hold of the experiences of the man, clarify these, and elevate them by the aid of the imagination; and in the process of imaginative dealing with his own emotions Goethe obtained mastery over them, or, as if done with them, handed them away to his art.

The originality of Goethe in his early manhood lay much more in his interpreting, and interpreting at the fortunate moment, the chief influences of the time than in actually initiating new movements. The romantic movement, both in its turning back towards earlier centuries and in its love of adventurous incident, was a reinforcing power with him when he imagined his Goetz von Berlichingen. And

From the Oil-Painting by J. H. W. Tischbein. **Goethe, 1787.**

"Tischbein had designed a great painting—*Goethe outside Rome.* The poet was to appear clad in a great white mantle, a large soft hat on his head, reclining on an overturned Egyptian obelisk, before him a broken Greek *relievo*, and behind that the capital of a Roman pillar. In his glance, wandering over the Campagna, one should read the thought of the perishable nature of all earthly splendour; and in the distance were to be seen the tombs that border the Appian Way, and other Roman ruins against the background of the Alban Mount."—Düntzer's "Life of Goethe."

(Reproduced from a photograph, by kind permission of the Verlagsanstalt F. Bruckmann, Munich.)

both in "Goetz" and "Werther," we hear, in a stormier or a more plaintive tone, the pre-Revolution cry for liberty, the pre-Revolution enthusiasm for "nature" and for a simplification of life, the pre-Revolution assertion of natural rights or its sigh of measureless desire. To be at once sensitive and creative is perhaps the happiest form of originality; to seize the fortunate moment is itself a stroke of genius. The ideal of simple masculine energy and heroism in Goetz, the ideal of limitless sensibility in Werther, belong not solely to Goethe or even to Germany, but to eighteenth-century Europe. Yet both are characteristically German, and both sprang either from the writer's own experience or the inmost workings of his spirit, and constitute part of that great confession, which under many and various disguises he continued to make until it closed with the latest in date of the scenes of the "Second Part of Faust." What was personal, what was national, what was cosmopolitan, are fused together by subtle processes of the alchemy of genius.

During these early years the germs of many of his greatest works, and among them "Faust," sprouted

Goethe's Birthplace at Frankfort-on-Main.

"On the 28th of August, 1749, at midday, as the clock struck twelve, I came into the world, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. . ... We lived in an old house, which in fact consisted of two adjoining houses, that had been opened into each other. A spiral staircase led to rooms on different levels, and the unevenness of the storeys was remedied by steps. For us children, a younger sister and myself, the favourite resort was a spacious floor below, near the door of which was a large wooden lattice that allowed us direct communication with the street and open air."—Goethe's Autobiography, translated by John Oxenford.

(Reproduced from "A Grand Duchess and her Court," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

cotyledon-wise. From the slow and intermittent method of their development resulted losses, but also gains. What some of these lost in unity and directness was compensated by the fruits of a full and mature experience. In certain instances we can clearly perceive that while the young Titan could fling out a daring thought, it needed the Olympian to attune that thought to harmony and give it form and a bounding line. Goethe judged himself more justly than did his contemporaries. They were astonished and filled with admiration by the youthful Titan, and thought the Olympian remote and cold. He smiled, in a not unfriendly spirit, at his early self, and was conscious of undiminished fire within him, no longer scattered abroad, but concentrated and wisely directed, undiminished fire, and with it a far steadier and clearer light.

The impression which Goethe made as a young man upon his fellows had in it, notwithstanding his disclaimer made in old age, something of that which he himself termed "the dæmonic." Jung-Stilling has pictured him for us in the early Strasburg student days as abounding with life and the joy of living, his eyes large and beaming, the great brow, the irresistible charm which he exerted unaware, so that, without ever seeking to lead, he was always the unchallenged leader. For Heinse he is, at the age of twenty-five, "a beautiful youth, from top to toe genius, energy and strength, with a heart full of feeling, an intellect full of fire; . . . there is no opposing him, he carries everything before him." And Jacobi writes to Sophie von La Roche: "You have only to be with Goethe for an hour to find how entirely ridiculous it would be to require him to think or act otherwise than as he actually thinks and acts. I do not mean by this that no change for the better, no growth in beauty, is possible for him, but that it is not possible in any other way than as the flower unfolds, as the seed ripens, as the tree rises in air, and crowns itself with leaves." These, with other quotations, have been happily grouped by Hettner in his "Eighteenth Century Literature," and I have omitted a few phrases of too extravagant eulogy. They leave with us a sense of affluent power, but it was power as yet unsubdued to the yoke. Goethe needed an education of the will which should enable it to sustain the burden of arduous tasks, an education of the intellect which should render it patient and give it solidity, an education of the feelings which should clarify them and restrain them.

This education began in 1775, soon after Goethe had passed his twenty-sixth birthday, and was the work of Weimar and of Frau von Stein, the work also of his scientific studies and of the Ethics of Spinoza, which had already been with him an influence making for a quietude that was not dull and a disinterestedness that was almost of the nature of a religion. There were undoubtedly serious losses as well as gains resulting from Goethe's occupation with subjects often alien to his genius during these first ten years at Weimar. Great designs languished or were inevitably postponed; trivial *divertissements* for Court occasions aroused in him a transitory interest which could lead to no very valuable result. His renunciations were sometimes renuncia-

tions of the highest tasks. His public duties were often such as other hands than his could have accomplished. In old age, looking back upon the first Weimar decade, Goethe lamented the squandering of his energies in miscellaneous business of the little State. While so busied he often chafed against the burden that he bore. Yet the training, irksome as it often was, gave him solidity; it gave him a substantial kind of wisdom which he had lacked; it enabled him to endure hardness; it cultivated a power in him of mastering things external to his own feelings and ideas; it helped him to fuse his mind with objective material; and sometimes he had what resembled an artist's joy in seeing how he had projected his own conception into alien matter and shaped it to better ends.

Grimm, in his thirteenth lecture, said what was just when he declared that Goethe had conferred rather than received in the love passages of his youth which had preceded his life in Weimar. He became for a season in love with love, and half created through his imagination the charm of Lotte, and even the idyllic attraction of Frederika. But with Frau von Stein he came under the influence of an external power, a reality which at once aroused and controlled his feelings. Here was a woman by several years his senior, highly intelligent, highly refined, not beautiful, somewhat worn, the mother of seven children, experienced in the ways of the world and in the ways of the Court, and she became a counsellor, a monitress, a consoler. There was a limit which Goethe could not pass, and the check upon his passion reinforced it and made it break against the barriers. It became the ideal side of his life as the business of the State constituted the material side. But that the ideal and the material sides of his life could not coalesce was a misfortune. The situation was often full of danger; it could not be quite soundly based; it involved from first to last something of injurious strain; and at length, but not until upwards of ten years had gone by, came a collapse, which may have been, and probably was, inevitable, but which in its incidents was on Goethe's part most unhappily—we may say unworthily—conducted. The mild St. Martin's Summer of friendship which afterwards came was the best that could happen, and that it had a certain autumnal clearness implies something of magnanimity in Frau von Stein. To be a dethroned divinity was for a time difficult to one whose heart was entirely human.

Goethe's scientific studies, which began, after a fashion, in his Strasburg days, were an affair of all his life, and were pursued with increasing zeal after his return from Italy. They were not so alien from his studies in art as a careless observer might suppose. His poetical Pantheism fell in with his scientific feeling for the unity of nature. He believed that he could trace the laws and the processes of nature in the highest art—such art as that of the Greeks. In the study alike of art and nature he was sensible of the importance of a direct intuition; he would take nothing at second hand; he brushed aside words and traditional phrases, and concentrated himself in the contemplation of things. In both alike he aimed at getting upon the track of development; he followed as far as possible the methods

Goethe's Birthplace at Frankfort, from the Garden.

"The back of the house, from the second story particularly, commanded a very pleasant prospect over an almost immeasurable extent of neighbouring gardens, stretching to the very walls of the city. But, alas! in transforming what were once public grounds into private gardens, our house and some others lying towards the corner of the street had been much stinted, since the houses towards the horse-market had appropriated spacious out-houses and large gardens to themselves, while a tolerably high wall shut us out from these adjacent paradises."—Goethe's Autobiography, translated by John Oxenford.

(Reproduced from the "Goethekatalog," by kind permission of the Freies Deutsches Hochstift, Frankfort-on-Main.)

of evolution, and regarded *becoming* as no less important than *being*. In both he thought much of what is typical, the idea—an idea which is no metaphysical abstraction—and its mode of manifesting itself through various metamorphoses. He had that genius which shows itself in putting pregnant questions to nature; he accumulated observations with infinite patience; he classified his observations under the rubrics which indicated their most important meanings; and at length, as it were spontaneously or by a flash of insight, but in reality as the culmination of a laborious process, came the moment when some illuminating truth revealed itself, the moment of rapturous divination. Apart from the results which he attained and the errors to which he passionately attached himself, Goethe's studies in science had an important moral influence upon the student himself. They served to deliver him from the egoism of sentiment, to give him a power of strenuous submissiveness, and at the same time a power of intellectual resilience, so that the observer, the questioner, the critic of nature presently became almost like a creator.

The residence in Italy, which succeeded the first Weimar decade, is commonly spoken of as if it were a turning-point in Goethe's intellectual career. He himself writes of his experiences there as one newly converted might have expressed himself about the regeneration of religious experience; the scales had dropped from his eyes; all things had become new. When he returned to Weimar his friends found him, as they thought, strangely altered, and, as they thought, altered for the worse—less accessible, colder, withdrawn from all that interested them most. He valued certainly men who were well-informed, men fruitful in this province or

From the Bust by Alexander Trippel at Weimar. **Goethe, 1787.**

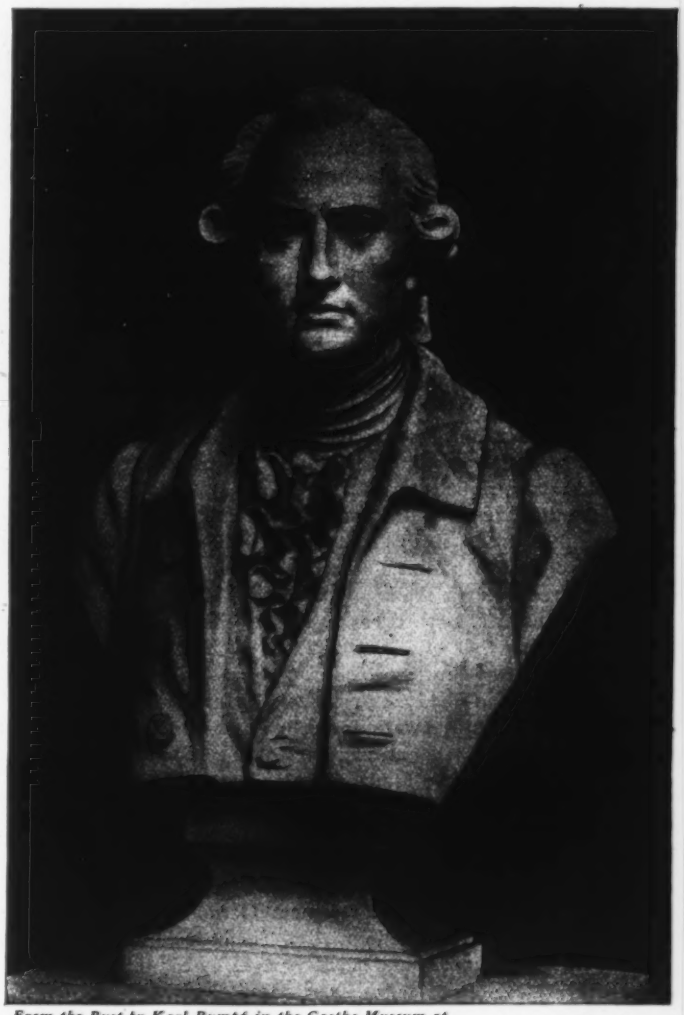
In 1787 Trippel was commissioned at Rome by the Prince of Waldeck to execute a marble bust of Goethe. A replica was made by the sculptor, at the request of Anna Amalia, the Duchess of Weimar, which was almost identical with the original. The latter was sent to the Prince of Waldeck's castle at Arolsen; the former, here reproduced, is now in the Grand Ducal Library at Weimar.
Rischgitz Collection.

in that, but he seemed to use them as instruments of his domineering intellect. In truth Italy effected no such miraculous change; all had been prepared beforehand; the energy of joy in Rome was only the crown and flowering of what had long been in process of growth. Goethe was delivered from the cares and distractions of his official duties. The strain upon his affections was relaxing its intensity. He could now apply the habit of earnest and intelligent toil, acquired not without pain during the Weimar years, to the objects—art and science—which were truly kindred to his mind, objects which brought to him a calm intensity of joy. The practical and the ideal sides of his nature now wholly worked together. It is true that subjects for a time became more to him than persons. What had taken place was not a cooling-down of his nature, but the concentration of the fire that was in him. It cannot be regarded by any just-minded student of Goethe's life as other than a calamity that his best self, concentrated in studies, became indifferent to the higher meanings of even his own domestic relations. The Goethe enthusiast may sentimentalise over his union, legalised by marriage many years afterwards, with Christiane Vulpius. She was, it is true, not without some good qualities; let justice be accorded to her; and then let it be added that Goethe's relation to her depressed one important portion of his life to a vulgar level.

But Goethe's passion of a personal kind, and in the highest sense of the word, was not extinguished; it only lacked a proper object. Perhaps no woman known to him could have called it forth. Perhaps it could only take the form of fraternal co-operation with a man, and a man pursuing high ends like his own. There is nothing in the history of literature nobler or more inspiring than the friendship of Goethe and Schiller—a fellowship of athletes. It was not hastily formed; at first there seemed to be ground of alienation; it involved no sacrifice or independence or individuality on either side; it was based upon a common pursuit of truth, a common pursuit of ideal beauty, and a desire to communicate to cultivated Germany the results which they had both attained. Goethe was delivered from his intellectual isolation, and incorporated anew with the life of his time and of his people. All that was in him felt a quickening impulse. "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" was resumed; a portion of the "Helena" of the Second Part of "Faust" was written; "Hermann and Dorothea" grew, but in a silent and somewhat secret fashion. This was the time when the influences of his Italian journey were most completely embodied in his art. The "Iphigenia" owes some of its beauty of form to Italy, but in its substance it is derived from the early Weimar years and from Frau von Stein. The "Tasso" expresses in a symbol the division of Goethe's nature during those years when the poet and the man of public affairs were often at odds, and his feeling that the conflicting elements within him must somehow be reconciled. Now his Hellenism bore its most characteristic fruits. The modern and the antique are wedded in "Hermann and Dorothea"; because he was Greek, because he endeavoured to see things luminously and in their reality, he was necessarily German. He thought much of the deliverance from its encumbrances and illusions of the ideal man, or if ideal manhood is unattainable, of the best manhood that lies within us. This is the subject of his chief compendium of practical wisdom—"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship." Wilhelm can certainly never resemble a young Greek god in the sculptor's marble. But he may, after all his illusions are scattered, be found to be an intelligent and useful young German. He must abandon splendid dreams qualified by sordid realities, discover his true vocation, and in wise limitation cultivate his patch of garden. Even Faust himself does not find the end and aim of his existence in Helena; to reclaim a piece of land from the tides and swamps and to create a foothold for the

habitation of his fellow-men is to be his ultimate achievement. But Helena is needed that his utility should be that of a generous spirit, not unaware of the claims of beauty.

The French Revolution affected Goethe chiefly as a disturbing force. The works in which he deals with that vast phenomenon, with the exception of "Hermann and Dorothea," are not among his writings which best deserve to be remembered. "Die Aufgeregten" is unfinished. "The Natural Daughter" is only one member of a designed trilogy. But the Revolution had widened the basis of Goethe's existence by giving him experience of war; he had heard the cannonade at Valmy, and his "Campaign in France" is admirable both as a series of pictures of the war, and as an exposition of the character of the writer—his cheerful endurance, his helpful sympathy, his disinterested power of observation. Perhaps also his version of "Reynard the Fox" would never have been carried through but that the events of the time had created in Goethe a temper or a mood which gave an interest to the satirical beast-epic. The Revolution, it seemed to Goethe, threw back culture. He was concerned less with the deliverance of society from the rule of kings and priests than with the deliverance of the ideal man—that is to say the real man—in each of us from the infirmities, the illusions, the dulness, the lethargy which encompass him and render him ineffective.



From the Bust by Karl Rumpf in the Goethe Museum at Frankfort-on-Main. **Goethe.**

The bust executed by the Frankfort sculptor, Karl Rumpf, represents the poet in early youth, and, whilst preserving the likeness to Goethe's actual features, depicts in a remarkable degree his expression of poetic inspiration. On these grounds it is interesting to contrast this work of art with the beautiful, Apollo-like, but somewhat idealised bust by Alexander Trippel.

(Reproduced from the "Festschrift," by kind permission of the Freies Deutsches Hochstift, Frankfort-on-Main.)

No apology is required for Goethe's alleged want of patriotism during the Napoleonic wars. He had in "Hermann and Dorothea" given expression to his true German feeling. There are sudden and spontaneous outbreaks of such feeling in his recorded conversations. But he was too old to fight; too old to chant hymns of the lyre and sword; he could serve his country well only in his own way. And he was too disinterested a student of facts to deny the genius of Napoleon; too grateful to France for the culture he had received to nourish a blind antipathy. No apology is here required; the explanation is obvious and is sufficient.

A great calm, not of torpor but of organised energy, had taken possession of Goethe. His Hellenism had in a measure given place to a wider eclecticism. His sympathy with Christian art, both in architecture and painting, revived. He felt the magic of Calderon's verse. He read also Von Hammer's version of the "Divan" of Hafis, and under a Persian mask uttered his autumnal wisdom and his autumnal thoughts of love. Now and again some crisis came to break up this calm—that brief crisis of feeling which left some traces in "Elective Affinities"; the pain caused by Christiane's physical sufferings and death; and towards the close of his own life the shock caused by tidings of the death of his son. These were invasions of disturbance and distress which he endeavoured to control by steadfastness, by toil, by the idea of duty, but such an effort exacted its payment, nor could it be entirely successful. Yet the characteristics of Goethe's old age are a majestic calm and a wide illumination.

Perhaps at no period of his life, not even in the affluent years of early manhood, does he show himself in a more attractive aspect than in the Conversations of his elder years as recorded by Eckermann and by other less copious chroniclers. In these Conversations we are admitted to the intimacy of the greatest of modern humanists. His interests, excluding politics (and perhaps metaphysics should be added), are all-embracing. His creative power has greatly declined, but he is still as eager to learn, to appropriate, to classify, to combine as he was in the days of his youth and middle manhood. His tolerance is not of that shallow kind which makes no distinctions; because he makes distinctions, he can find the appropriate place for each new accession to his stores of knowledge and of feeling. His judgments are vigorously pronounced, and if he finds it difficult to hate, he does not find it difficult to condemn. Yet he is rarely impatient; he recognises the merit of the most

modest visitors; his humour tempers his seriousness; he smiles amiably, and occasionally at himself; the Olympian proves on a near acquaintance to be charmingly human.

The valuable bibliography, "Goethe in England and America," compiled by Dr. Eugene Oswald, Secretary of the English Goethe Society—which Society could effect more if students of German literature were more widely to add their names to its roll of members—Dr. Oswald's Bibliography shows that a large contribution has been made by the English-speaking nations to Goethe study. Walter Scott helped to make English readers acquainted with Goethe the romanticist. Carlyle regarded him chiefly as the representative of literary sanity, the teacher of wisdom at once practical and ideal. "Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe," was a suggestive text, and the eloquent discourse of the preacher was uttered with genuine personal conviction. It would not be right to say that Goethe's "Faust"—especially the First Part—has received an undue amount of attention from English students. "Faust" is Goethe's chief work; all the attention it has received is well deserved, and we are happy to possess such translations as Anster's, Bayard Taylor's, and others, such a commentary as that of Mr. Coupland, such scholarly studies as those of Professor Calvin Thomas. But few English writers have had the courageous patience needed to grapple with the total work of Goethe. Lewes's "Life of Goethe" was a brilliant achievement, but additions to our knowledge have rendered it inadequate. Mr. Lyster's translation of Düntzer's "Life of Goethe" has the rare merit in a translation of being more valuable than the original; but Düntzer, laborious and patient student of facts, had little sense of relative proportion in the values in facts; he was an honest German handicraftsman, not an artist in biography. The little volume of less than one hundred and seventy pages by Sir John Seeley is well-informed, wise, just, comprehensive. But we still need a guide which shall enter more fully into detail—something which shall resemble Scartazzini's "Companion to Dante," except that in Goethe's case it will not be necessary to present all possible theories and reduce the reader's mind at the end to a waste of scepticism. If those persons who have made a special study of even any part of Goethe's work would join the English Goethe Society, if a directorate of two or three competent scholars were appointed, if the various provinces of Goethe study were judiciously mapped out and distributed, such a handbook might be produced, a handbook of intellectual travel, which should have the advantages both of specialised knowledge and of a large general conception.

From the Drawing by Johann Heinrich Lips. **Goethe, 1791.**

This beautiful portrait of Goethe was drawn at Weimar and engraved on copper by the artist. The finished drawing was purchased in 1877 by the Freies Deutsches Hochstift, and is now in the Goethe House at Frankfort-on-Main.

(Reproduced from Dr. Rollett's "Die Goethe Bildnisse," by kind permission of the Verlagsbuchhandlung Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna.)

J. Wolfgang von Goethe, 1779.

From the Painting by G. O. May, in the possession of the Baron of Cotta.

"Goethe's appearance at the period when he first appeared in Weimar was very striking. . . . His forehead was high, his nose long, his lips full; his brilliant black eyes—wonderful eyes they were, in which much of his beauty lay—could at times be sad, loving, irresistible, at other moments haughty, bold, delightfully humorous; or if his anger were roused, they could dart forth lightning and annihilating glances."—"A Grand Duchess and her Court."

(Reproduced from "The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN EXCELSIS.*

THE old edition of Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature" was a much cherished book, and has remained so for nearly two generations; yet the most inveterate *laudator temporis acti* can hardly fail to admit that it has been eclipsed in almost every direction by the new edition which has recently been brought to a happy termination in three massive volumes. The general character of the compilation has been very little altered, though, as the former edition may be unknown to some readers, and as the title is vague and unsatisfactory (at least from the point of view of a precise description of the contents), it may be as well to recapitulate the general features of the ground plan. The title of Cyclopædia or Dictionary of English Literature is more appropriate, it seems to us, to the well-known "Dictionnaire" of Vapereau, in which we have articles not only on authors, but also on titles, literary forms, terminology, and subjects of controversy, or again to such lexical works as those of Adams and Brewer. Chambers's "Literature" has none of these features, but is

*"Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature." New Edition. By David Patrick, LL.D. Vol. III. (Chambers.)

"English Literature." An Illustrated Record. By Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse. Vols. II. and IV. 16s. net and 21s. net each. (Heinemann.)

Anna Amalia.

The Dowager Duchess of Weimar, who was thirty-six years of age at the time of Goethe's arrival in Weimar, and who took an intense interest in everything connected with Literature and Art, received the famous poet with great cordiality. She is described as being small in stature, good-looking, with a very *spirituelle* physiognomy, and as having the Brunswick nose, lovely hands and feet, a light yet princely gait, and something amiable and fascinating in her nature.

(Reproduced from the "Goethekatalog," by kind permission of the Freies Deutsches Hochstift, Frankfort-on-Main.)

essentially a roll-call of English writers from the earliest times down to the day before yesterday, from Beowulf to Mr. Birrell. There are just a few preliminary and connecting essays, an excellent one, for instance, by Mr. Lang on Ballads, and one in this third volume on "The Renascence of Wonder in Poetry," but these are mere ornaments, completely lost in the vast forest of authors' lives, and affording very little help to the pilgrim who is anxious to thread its mazes. But for the circumstance that it is arranged in chronological rather than in alphabetical order, Chambers's "Literature" is, in fact, a biographical dictionary of English authors; it must be understood that much valuable criticism is interwoven with the biographies, each of which is illustrated by well-chosen extracts or specimens, and that all the more important memoirs are accompanied by short and judicious bibliographies, not of the works by the authors, but of the books about them. The chief works by the respective authors are generally, but not always, enumerated, with dates, in the text. The total number of authors treated is very large (it must be over 1,200 in the three volumes), and one is often in danger of being lost in the inextricable tangle of minor poets and lesser miscellaneous writers, against which the only immediate remedy is the portraits of the luminaries which shine like stars through the wood. Finally, however, at the end of Vol. III. we are provided with a useful and workmanlike, though far from copious, Index. We should like to see the three volumes supplemented by a Bibliographical Index or Catalogue Raisonné of all the works of the authors enumerated. This, however, is not a criticism but a suggestion. As it stands, Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature" is a marvel of co-operative compilation, the accuracy, homogeneity and general utility of which, we do not hesitate to say, far surpasses that of any similar work which has hitherto been attempted.

To anyone suffering from the malady of literary curiosity who came to us as doctor and asked advice, we should, unhesitatingly, prescribe a steady course through the two thousand odd pages of "Chambers," and if the symptoms had not abated before the patient got to page 850 of volume three, our astonishment would be extreme.

The third volume compares well with its predecessors. Dealing almost exclusively with the nineteenth century, it is free from the difficulty and obscurity of the dawn of English Letters, and from the drowsiness which is apt to overtake the most zealous reader or compiler, when, having closed his eyes for an instant, he realises that that great literary patron, George I., has been succeeded by Georgius Secundus. But the nineteenth century has pitfalls of its own in such questions as how to obtain a true perspective of quite recent writers, how to deal with living authors, and how to deal with the increasing output of English literature in a foreign country—the United States of America. The last of these problems has been solved, very wisely in our opinion, by the devotion of a substantial proportion (over 100 pages) of the third volume to a complete resumé of American authorship. The other two have been met in a less satisfactory and more haphazard fashion. Why, for instance, unless it is with the subtle object of belying the Edinburgh origin of the work, should Lord Byron be allotted just double the space of Sir Walter Scott? * If durability of fame and popularity be any criterion, we should have felt inclined to invert the proportions; and if creative power be the test, the relative position of Byron would certainly not be improved. The juxtaposition of original writers, journalists and compilers of the hour in the supplement, with the invidious distinc-

* On the other hand, there seems a partiality for small Scots historians, while we find nothing of Molesworth or S. R. Maitland.

From the Oil-Painting by Franz Gerhard von Kügelgen. [Goethe, 1808.

This artist painted two portraits of Goethe, the first in Weimar, 1808-9, the second a year later at Dresden. He also executed very successful portraits of Wieland, Herder, and Schiller.

(Reproduced from Dr. Rollett's "Die Goethe Bildnisse," by kind permission of the Verlagsbuchhandlung Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna.)

tion of large and small print, and the complete omission of several writers of conspicuous originality and promise, can hardly fail in time to be a source of reproach. We can only say that the attempt is an extremely hazardous one, and that it will probably meet with less appreciation than it deserves.

The general quality of the literary criticism in Vol. III. is, in our opinion, decidedly superior to that in Vol. II. (which was inferior in this respect to Vol. I.); and it affords exceptional attractions in the finely discriminative work of Mr. W. P. Ker on Wordsworth and Scott, the sound literary doctrine of Professors Dowden, Woodberry, and Walter Raleigh, and the supreme eloquence of Mr. Watts-Dunton and Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne's contribution on Shelley is a notable confession of poetic faith, nor does he leave us in any doubt as to Shelley's plenary right of place in the seventh or highest heaven of his poetical pantheon, with Shakespeare, Dante, Æschylus, Hugo, and Coleridge. "The genius of Coleridge at its highest rose above the genius of any poet on record in the special and distinctive qualities of the very highest poetry—creative imagination and co-equal expression of the thing conceived. But in these qualities Shelley stands next to him and not far off." Mr. Swinburne admits to the full the crudity of Shelley's boyish prose and verse, but he apparently sees nothing crude in the conduct of a youth of twenty-two, who, having left his wife and gone off with another lady and her confidante, writes to suggest that the discarded wife should join the party, and be sure not to forget to bring his lute with her. The characterisation of this letter as "singularly affectionate and simple-hearted" seems to us at least questionable. The emergence of the essential nobility from an alloy of what was less admirable in Shelley's character was to our mind at least as gradual as his emancipation from base and inferior poetic models. Did not Byron and Shelley meet on the Thames before they met on the lake of Geneva? That two such men were both gainers in self-knowledge as a consequence of their mutual intimacy is to us no very far-fetched proposition. Nor can we quite agree as to plain statements of fact either in what seems to us an extreme depreciation of Byron in this article or to the undue exaltation of Mary Shelley as an ideal wife.

Mr. Watts-Dunton's voluminous essay on Byron is certainly the most ambitious criticism in the volume, and one of the most interesting. The critical dissertation, though diffuse, is in the main irrefutable, and abounds in generalisations of no little instruction and delight, for instance: "Ever since the accession of George the First, the English *beau monde*, which under the Tudors and the Stuarts was more brilliant and artistic than any other Court Society in Europe, has been annexed by Philistia, and never was it more contemptible than under the Regency. What the ignorant, inartistic, fashionable world of England adored then is what it adores now, not a poet's genius, which is far beyond its ken, but the pedestal on which his genius has lifted him." We note a rather disproportionate number of allusions to what "Mr. Trelawny told the present writer," without any very explicit statement as to whether these communications differed from what everyone has read in Trelawny's book. According to Biagi, and the primary evidence which he collected, many of Trelawny's details were exaggerated, or at any rate over-coloured. Mr. Watts-Dunton is surely under some delusion as to the failure of the trustees of the British Museum to fulfil an obligation to publish Lord Broughton's papers and correspondence. These papers have been described in the last catalogue of MS. accessions to the Museum (where they are numbered Addit. MSS., 36,455—36,472), and are fully available to the public. Beyond this, of course, there is no question of their publishing them. We believe that they will be found to contain little of a novel or startling character. The omission to provide the regulation bibliography in the case of Byron is regrettable. In his article on Borrow, Mr. Watts-Dunton makes a similar omission. *Hiatus valde deflendus.* The sketch of the man whom Byron described (by special permission) as "the Ariosto of the North" is a masterly piece of criticism, both refined and humorous, as where we read that "Scott in his later life, when the younger generation were writing new romances, looked on comfortably at their historical studies and their industry after 'local colour.' He himself had taken in his knowledge in a different way, beginning at Sandyknowe." We are more than satisfied with the way in which Mr. Ker waves aside the commonplace criticisms of Scott. Most of them are irrelevant. As to his prose style, Scott has many styles, and the qualities inherent in his genius necessitated improvisation and rendered his work independent of a highly polished or elaborated instrument. The most characteristic distinction of Scott, the humorous dialogue of his countrymen, the unrivalled comedy of those scenes in which Caleb Balderstone, Cuddie Headrigg, the Bailie, Meg Dods, Peter Peebles, Edie Ochiltree, James I., Andrew Fairservice and a host of others figure, is well brought out, though at the expense, as it seems to us, of some slight disparagement of his marvellous power of historic retrospection and recreation, and his profound intuition into historical motives. As the innkeeper at the Hawes said of Oldbuck, Scott "wad wile the bird aff the tree wi' the tales he told about folk lang syne." The motive power of his marvellous production was the necessity of pouring forth these tales, and in the process he exhibits the stored-up treasures not of a born antiquary merely, but also those of a tolerant and sagacious statesman.

Turning from Scott, one cannot refrain from observing the exaggeration of the estimate here formed of Stevenson's romances, of which "Kidnapped," "Ballantrae," "Catriona" and "Hermiston" are somewhat absurdly described as "the core and the consummation." Stevenson was a really great essayist and master of the *conte*, but his romances are not comparable with "Esmond," "The Cloister and the Hearth," or "Quentin Durward." How clearly does this appear even in the extracts here given, where a scene from "Kidnapped" is sandwiched between a passage from "Edinburgh" and "Pulvis et Umbra." As an essayist Stevenson makes something out of nothing, or out of reflections which seem at the first blush unendurably trite. As a writer of romance he envisages a dramatic scene with "Old Mortality" in one hand and Roget's

"Thesaurus" in the other. Fresh from Trapbois, Edie Ochiltree, and Nanty Ewart, how hollow and conventional are such sawdustish figures as Ebenezer Balfour, Mr. Henderland, and Captain Hoseason! Most of the great novelists are very well done—Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, the Brontës, George Eliot, Lever, Marryat, Meredith, and Hardy. But since living (or quite recently living) novelists are included, where are Mark Rutherford and George Gissing? That these two writers and one of the best modern essayists, Hamerton, should be relegated to the appendix and its short measure of small print, constitutes a blemish in the proportion of the book, which is, as a general rule, so admirably sustained.* Unwonted justice is done to Buckle, and we are glad to perceive that Mr. Robertson's spirited retort upon the historian's detractors is bearing fruit—at least we hope so. Something has gone wrong with the article on Tennyson, which is not quite half as long as the article on Mr. Swinburne (a first-rate piece of criticism, by the way), and is totally inadequate to the greatest by head and shoulders of Victorian, if not of modern English poets. Mr. Whibley's article on Disraeli is excellent. This indeed is the epithet most appropriate to the whole work—a book which its proprietor will love to pat with a sensation of "it" being "all here." And "it" generally is.

GOETHE, 1819.

From the Oil-Painting by George Dawe, R.A.

After the artist's death in 1829, this portrait remained in the possession of his brother, Henry Dawe, Esq., and was afterwards lost sight of.

"He was habited in a long grey or drab redingote, with a white neck-cloth, and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright and clear and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant. . . . I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth."—Letter from Thackeray to G. H. Lewes, 28th April, 1855.

An undesigned coincidence, no doubt, is that by which the third volume of Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature" comes out almost simultaneously with the two volumes completing Messrs. Gosse and Garnett's "English Literature, an Illustrated Record." Superficially, the resemblance between the two works is considerable. Both are crown octavos of massive proportions, one in three volumes, the other in four. Both are primarily biographical in structure, with extracts and illustrations. But these resemblances are merely superficial. "Chambers" is before all a reference book, "Gosse and Garnett" is a show book. The writers in both cases have circumnavigated the world of English letters, visiting all its most notable harbours, sailing through its gulfs and straits, sighting its beacons, and rounding its headlands and promontories. At each point of interest "Chambers" communicates a long, sober, and serious letter, while Messrs. Gosse and Garnett, in lighter vein, scribble a picture postcard. This is not said in any depreciatory sense, however, for pictures and literary sketches alike are, as a rule both vivid and harmonious. "Chambers" of course is far richer in extracts, while in pictorial illustrations and portraits it makes no attempt to rival the abundant richness of its neighbour. Its mesh, too, is much smaller, and it includes hundreds of names which are necessarily excluded from the "illustrated record." In details of design a co-operative work has inevitably to make certain sacrifices of proportion and finish. The most significant distinction, however, is in the amount of literary matter. The literary space at the disposal of "Chambers" and its contributors is immense. In spite of its external bulk and its four volumes, "English Literature" (in order to make room for the pictures) has had to submit to a regimen of the most rigorous compression. A good many names of secondary rank have to be altogether omitted (no mention will be found, for instance, of Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, of Arthur Young, Buckle, Clough, Calverley, Kinglake, Surtees, Bagehot, or Milman). It is misleading to say that an undertaking planned upon such a scale is beyond the compass of its two writers, both of whom have traversed the field more than once upon surveying expeditions over an area well-nigh as extended. In a

* Exception must be taken, however, to "overflow" in some of the American section, especially the article on Mrs. Beecher Stowe, which is positively gushing.

previous article we attempted to define the genre of compilation to which these handsomely illustrated volumes belong, and instanced a number of contemporary congeners on the Continent, though we inadvertently omitted a reference to one of the best of them, a pictorial German History of French Literature, by Professors Suchier and Birch-Hirschfeld, which was brought out by the Bibliographical Institute of Leipzig in 1900. We also pointed out what we considered to be the chief defects in plan of the present volumes; briefly, insufficient description of the illustrations and insufficient connection, first, between text and specimens, and, secondly, between the critical and biographical portions of the letterpress. The fourth volume seems to us more unequal in itself than any of its predecessors, but upon the whole the two recent volumes (II. and IV.) fully sustain the reputation previously achieved, and have the additional advantage of embracing periods of more general interest to modern readers than either the pre-Tudor literature or that of the interval between Milton and Cowper. Literary critics, like other people, are very much ὑπὸ τοῦ λεγοντὸς, more than others perhaps blown hither and thither by contrary gusts of praise and dispraise, hot and cold with enthusiasm and reaction. The greater praise is due to writers such as Messrs. Gosse and Garnett, who, under the burden and depression of such an undertaking as the present, have maintained such a remarkably just sense of proportion. The temptation to be diffuse over recent reputations has been firmly resisted, and the greater external bulk of Vol. IV. is accounted for, not by critical effusion, but by the Appendix of translations of specimens and transliterations of facsimiles, and by a very copious and useful Index. This last, we must add in passing, is by no means free from errors of a salient character, and a cursory inspection can claim no more than a first crop of oddities, of which the following are examples:—Prof. Tyndall is entered as John Tyndale, Gibbon is described as a convert to Bosnett, Stevenson is printed as Robert *Lewis* of that ilk, "The King's Own" and "Peter Simple" are ascribed to Lever, Greene's "Menaphon" is given as "Menaphus," and Breton's "Wits Trenchmour" as "Wits Trenchman." We read further of Wordsworth's "White *Roe* of Rylstone," "'Letters Familiar,' see 'Epistolos'" (no such entry), Fletcher's "Philastes," "Willobia's Avisa," Hazlitt's "Winterstow," and John *Cain* Hobhouse. These blunders, one is happy to observe, do not represent errors in the text, which has been revised with singular care throughout. A curious slip has crept into Vol. IV., where on page 73 Scott is stated to have founded the "Ballantyne Club." Poor Sir Walter! He suffered enough from Rigdumfunnidos and his brother without founding a club in their honour. In a book so sumptuously ornamented as this the text can hardly fail to be considered as subservient in a great measure to the pictures. Yet it is in many places full of valuable suggestion, and is illuminated by an amount of figurative writing and metaphor which some perhaps may not think excessive. But this is much more apparent in Vol. IV. than in Vol. II. Dr. Garnett's life and estimate of Shakespeare is a most able and cautious summary of the whole subject—rather deficient perhaps than otherwise in tonality. But the amount of recent material to be considered is enormous, and the whole of the sixteenth century section is of necessity, to a large extent, more recapitulatory than reconstructive. In Vol. IV. the portions relating to Byron, Shelley, Keats, the Brownings, and the Historians strike us as of especial interest and value. The sketch of Mrs. Gaskell is excellent, and the estimate of Jane Austen full of a defiant extravagance which is amusing, but out of place in a book of this sort. George Eliot is unjustly treated. For condensation of meaning and critical theory upon a basis of fact, it would probably be hard to surpass the excellent sketch of Byron given here. Mr. Gosse's besetting sin is his irresistible affection for metaphor, and a pleasanter and more suggestive method of instruction cannot be found, when the device is used with restraint and as a supplement to, not as a substitute for, well-constructed generalisations and theories in vital connection with facts. Occasionally here it becomes nebulous and incoherent. Much too frequently epithets and descriptions are strung up to a lyrical pitch and intensity of tone which is altogether excessive. The "singing robes" of which Mr. Gosse so often speaks are best shut up in a convenient cupboard when a strenuous piece of compilation is toward.

New Books.

THE PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

Mauvissière, who knew Mary well both in France and in Scotland, described her as "one of the greatest beauties of the age." He had, no doubt, felt the power of that personal charm which was irresistible to so many; but he was not an indiscriminating admirer, for he also said that she was "naturally of an imperious, turbulent spirit." It is unnecessary to quote the better known tributes of her contemporaries to her loveliness. They could not help themselves; for, as a cautious Scot discovered, a few days after her return to her own country, there was some enchantment about her whereby men were bewitched. It is much more wonderful that the same enchantment has continued to hang over her memory, and still exercises a real influence over men who are not given to sentimentality. Even the late Principal Lee—a douce Presbyterian—could not help referring to her as "the fairest and most accomplished of the queens of the earth." It is rather curious that, notwithstanding this lasting and unbounded admiration, there has long been great diversity of opinion regarding the details of her personal appearance.

In the preface to his "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," George Chalmers introduces his own remarks on her characteristic features by saying:—"Robertson, the late historian of her reign, professed not to know whether her hair and eye-brows were black or brown; whether her eyes were black or blue; whether her nose were long or short, curved or straight; whether her complexion were fair or dark." This has been frequently quoted—sometimes by those whom one would not suspect of citing at second-hand—as if it had been taken directly from Principal Robertson's pages. In neither of his editions (1818 and 1822) however does Chalmers deign to indicate the volume or page in which it or its substance may be found; and it does not agree with what Robertson himself has said. The first edition of his "History of Scotland" was published in 1759; and it contains (ii. 151) the following explicit statement:—"All contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty

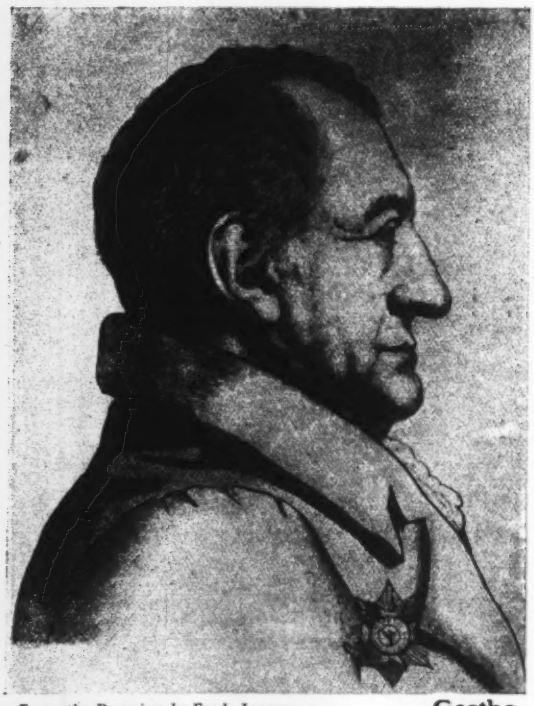
* "Notes on the Authentic Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, Based on the Researches of the Late Sir George Scharf, K.C.B., Rewritten in the Light of New Information." By Lionel Cust. Three Guineas net. (Murray.)

Photos by Louis Held, Weimar.

THE GOETHE FAMILY.

1. Goethe, from the painting by Angelika Kauffmann, executed in Rome, 1787.
2. Goethe's wife, *née* Christiane Vulpius; from a drawing by F. Bury, 1800.
3. Goethe's father, Johann Caspar Goethe; from a medallion by J. P. Melchior, 1779.
4. Goethe, from the painting by Heinrich Kolbe, 1826.
5. Goethe's mother, Katharina Elizabeth Goethe; from a medallion by J. P. Melchior, 1779.
6. Goethe's son, J. August Wolfgang von Goethe.
7. Goethe's daughter-in-law, Ottilie; from a drawing by K. Müller, 1820.
8. Goethe, from the painting by Heinrich Kolbe, 1822

(Reproduced by the courteous permission of Dr. C. Ruland, Weimar.)



From the Drawing by Ferd. Jagemann at Weimar. **Goethe, 1817.**

((Reproduced from an engraving kindly supplied by Messrs. J. Baer and Co., Frankfort-on-Main.)

of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray; her complexion was exquisitely fine; and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic." This passage remains the same in "the twentieth edition, with the author's last emendations and additions." William Robertson distinctly held, therefore, that her hair was black and her eyes dark grey. Whether he was right or not is a different matter. Joseph Robertson, who looked into these points with his usual care, came to the conclusion that "her hair appears to have changed with her years from a ruddy yellow to auburn, and from auburn to dark brown or black, turning grey long before its time;" and, as to whether her eyes were hazel or dark grey, he thought that the preponderance of authority appeared to be in favour of grey.

That there are many other difficulties than the colour of her hair and eyes has been realised by everyone who has taken the trouble to examine say a score of the numberless so-called portraits of her in which there are widely different types of features. If the portraits can be brought together, a tyro may see at a glance that they cannot all represent the same woman; but how are the genuine to be distinguished from the spurious? To leading specimens of the diverging types legendary histories have long been attached; and not infrequently the respectable, or as the case may be the noble, owners have unbounded faith both in the portraits and in the legends. To some men the contradictions and inconsistencies have proved so confusing and appalling that the task of separating the good from the bad has seemed absolutely hopeless. To this class belonged John Davidson, an eighteenth-century clerk to the signet, who was keenly interested in the Queen of Scots, but had to confess to Pinkerton that he had never heard of a genuine portrait of her. Fortunately other inquirers, quite as critical, have been more persistent; and the task has been much simplified by present-day opportunities and appliances. Occasionally, as in Edinburgh in 1856, as in Peterborough in 1887, as in London in 1889, and as in Glasgow in 1888 and 1901, it is possible to compare the actual portraits side by side; and when that cannot be done, the art of the photographer is a mighty help.

All previous efforts to deal critically with these portraits were far surpassed by Sir George Scharf in a series of four lengthy letters which he contributed to the *Times* in 1888. Thoroughly qualified by his special training, his great knowledge, his long experience, and his ample opportunities, he did excellent service in separating to a very large extent the chaff from the wheat. The more important portraits were carefully examined and described. The true type was definitely ascertained; the spurious types were ruthlessly and deservedly set aside. He found that the reliable portraits were few in number, and he took care to point out the distinctive peculiarities which they all possess in common. He afterwards undertook the preparation of a volume on the subject. For it he collected much material, but had very little ready for the press when he was laid aside by age and infirmity. Some time after his death, the work was taken up by his successor in office at the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. Lionel Cust, and by him has been most satisfactorily completed. It is based on the voluminous researches of Sir George, but is to a great extent the result of original study on Mr. Cust's part. He explains that, in the light of further information, better reproductions of the portraits, and extended knowledge on the subject, he has examined and sifted the whole material afresh Although his conclusions agree with those of Sir George in the main, they diverge in some instances; but he thinks that his modified and opposing views would probably have been accepted by Sir George had the new evidence been submitted to him.

Although Mr. Cust has modestly entitled his very handsome volume, "Notes on the Authentic Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots," he has not confined himself to those which he considers authentic. He classifies them indeed in three divisions—(1) those of which the authenticity may be regarded as certain; (2) those which have been generally accepted as genuine but of which the authenticity is doubtful; (3) those which are false and spurious—and on each of these divisions he has something to say, although those of the first division naturally receive most attention. In quoting the following enumeration of the peculiarities by which Sir George Scharf held that the genuine ones can easily be distinguished, he has unwittingly omitted the *un* which is here italicised:—

"Among these the most remarkable is the colour of the eyes. They are decidedly brown, sometimes of a yellowish hue (hazel), but more frequently of an absolute reddish colour like chestnut and the paint known to artists as 'burnt sienna.' With this, as seen in the pictures of Venetian women, especially those by Paris Bordone, the white of the eye sometimes partakes of a bluish tint. In all these portraits of Mary the eyes are not large, but possess a sharp and somewhat penetrating expression. The upper eyelids are thick, with an *un*interrupted curve, casting a partial shadow on the eye itself. The cheekbones are high, and there is a singular space across the temple between the eyes and the ears. The outline of the lower part of the cheek is full, and the chin well developed, but not cloven or dimpled. The lips are always closely compressed, and the lower one, although full, is by no means projecting. The eyebrows are raised and arched, but not strongly defined, and the forehead lofty and capacious. There is also a considerable space above the nose between the eyebrows."

Notwithstanding the number and nature of these distinguishing points, uncertainty as well as difficulty is occasionally experienced in applying them as a test. There are three portraits concerning the authenticity of which Mr. Cust declines to accept the verdict of Sir George Scharf. He regarded as genuine the one at Hardwick, representing her as a child; the one purchased by the Prince Consort, representing her while the wife of Francis; and the one at Holyrood, representing her at the age of sixteen. Mr. Cust rejects the first and third of these, and throws grave doubt on the second. On the other hand he attributes more value than Sir George did to one in the British Museum. When Sir George examined it, it "lay concealed under a coat of repaint, an ignorant restoration or perhaps a supposed embellishment;" but the repaint on the surface has been removed, and there is now shown an adaptation of the "Sheffield" type, though somewhat coarsely painted.

On the 3rd of May, 1547, when Mary was barely four and a half years old, the Scottish Privy Council ordered twelve stone weight of silver to be coined into pennies and half-pennies. None of the half-pennies are known to exist, but on the few well-worn specimens of the pennies which survive there is "a round baby face which is seen in full, the hair parted in the middle and hanging down on either side, lower than the ear." A somewhat similar penny was authorised

in 1554. It still represented her as an infant; but, although more than a quarter of a million were minted, examples are now exceedingly rare. The surviving specimens have unfortunately been so worn, Mr. Cust says, that it is difficult to get any clear idea how far the head may be accepted as a genuine likeness. The drawing in red and black chalk, now preserved at Chantilly, and representing her at the age of nine and a half years, he regards as the earliest drawn or painted portrait of her which can be accepted as authentic; and its features, he says, are very distinctly shown on the silver coin, or *testoon*, struck at Paris by the Scottish medallist, John Achesoun. A fine chalk drawing, of which the head alone is finished, is preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris; and on it the Windsor miniature appears to have been based, "though the somewhat mechanical accuracy of the painter has missed something of the charm and delicacy of the chalk drawing." The Windsor miniature is specially interesting as "the earliest authenticated and completed portrait in colours of Mary Stuart known to exist," and it was in the royal collection in the time of Charles the First.

Like Sir George Scharf, Mr. Cust attributes great importance to the full length, life-size, portrait, dated 1578, preserved at Hardwick, and generally known as the "Sheffield" portrait; but, unlike Sir George, he does not believe that it is the original source from which so many modified types were derived. The one of the same type, which has suffered so sadly in the hands of the restorer, and is now in the National Portrait Gallery, cannot, he thinks, be regarded in any way as a copy from the one at Hardwick. His view is that both of these, as well as those at Cobham and Hatfield, are expanded versions of a miniature. The most important of the adaptations of the "Sheffield" portrait is that known as the "Morton," preserved at Dalmahoy. In Mr. Cust's opinion, "it is the most pleasing presentation of Mary Stuart extant;" and to him it is evident that "the artist had instructions to modify the unsatisfactory and distasteful appearance" given in the "Sheffield" one.

In dealing with the three large memorial portraits, Mr. Cust speaks of the Blairs College one as the undoubted original. It is, he says, the last painted portrait of Mary which can be accepted as an authentic likeness. Sir George Scharf suggested that these memorial portraits were probably derived from a cast moulded in wax or plaster after her death. Mr. Cust, however, after careful examination, can see nothing in the Blairs one more than another version of the "Sheffield" portrait. In the features he can find no trace of the changes which set in immediately after death. The Blairs and the Windsor versions, he says, "correspond in every detail, the only difference being in the inscriptions." This is hardly accurate, for the execution scene is lower down in the one than in the other, and the men standing round the scaffold are differently arranged. He points out, as evidence that the portrait was not painted in England, that the date is "given as 1587 in accordance with the new style of calendar, which had been accepted on the Continent but not as yet in England." He might have also pointed out that the day is given as "12 cal. Martii," which according to the English mode of reckoning would have been the 18th, not the 8th of February.

The figure of the Queen on her tomb at Westminster has not only great merit as a work of art, but may be accepted as "a fairly accurate representation of" her. "The face," he says, "has every appearance of having been copied from a death-mask."

It is rather remarkable that no original painted portrait of Mary has been discovered in France, and no genuine painted portrait of her is known to be in that country. With the exception of the Morton portrait and the Blairs, a holocaust might be made of all the others in Scotland, Mr. Cust thinks, without the loss of any valuable asset as far as her likeness is concerned. He thus gives his own impression of her appearance:—"She was somewhat above the normal height for a woman, with a graceful and elegant, but well-developed, figure. Her neck was well-formed, but not unduly long or slim, and her shoulders were slightly sloped, leading to a vigorous and well-modelled bust. In later years her figure lost something of its grace and elegance through the stress of illness and confinement, but maintained its dignity up to the last hour at Fotheringhay. Her general appearance was

From the Drawing by C. A. Schwerdgeburth at Weimar. **Goethe, 1832.**

(Reproduced from Dr. Rollett's "Die Goethe Bildnisse," by kind permission of the Verlagsbuchhandlung Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna.)

that of a strong, clever, masterful woman, rather than a beautiful and delicate heroine of romance."

In his remarks on that leading erroneous portrait known as the "Carleton," he refers to Vertue's line-engraving of it published as a frontispiece to Jebb's "De Vita et Rebus Gestis serenissimae principis Mariae," in 1725; and adds:—"an English version of the same work by Dr. Jebb in octavo was published the same year with the same portrait." It is difficult to know how anyone who has ever seen the two books could for a moment imagine that the one was a translation of the other. Mr. Cust has tried to disentangle his subject from the innumerable controversies which enshroud the Queen of Scots; but he could not altogether avoid the historical element, and deemed it necessary to give a chronological table of the principal events of her life. Fortunately the historical and chronological errors, which have crept into his work, do not affect the value of his opinions on the respective merits of the various portraits.

With the exception of the spacing of the type, which is not open enough, the book, with its numerous illustrations, is, both internally and externally, worthy of the matter, and the matter is worthy of the subject. D. HAY FLEMING.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.*

It is a mere truism that the Bible has entered more deeply both into the national life and the national literature of Great Britain, including in this term the United States and other offshoots from the parent stem, than into those of any other country. In the middle of the seventeenth century Christian Rau of Berlin, quoted by Messrs. Darlow and Moule among the numerous picturesque appendages with which they have made what might have been a dry catalogue fascinating, could write, "No nation, not even Germany, which has possessed the typographic art so much longer, can number so many editions of the Bible as England." He goes on, indeed, to say that a large number of these were actually printed in Holland, but as they were in the English language and intended for the English market they may fairly be considered as English Bibles. A single English-

* "Historical Catalogue of the Printed Editions of Holy Scripture in the Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society." Compiled by T. H. Darlow, M.A., and H. F. Moule, M.A. In two volumes. Vol. I. English. 31s. 6d. net the two. (The Bible House.)

Goethe. Einsiedel. Anna Amalia. Herder.

From a Water-Colour Painting by G. M. Kraus.

Anna Amalia's Circle at Weimar, 1794.

"Here we have the principal members of Amalia's circle as they sat round the table on a certain Friday and were sketched by the young artist. Amalia is painting,her brush in her hand, a smile on her pleasant face as she listens to Einsiedel, who, in his uniform of gentleman-in-waiting, is reading aloud, probably one of his own 'little things.' Goethe, who is sitting beside him, is almost effaced; one sees the back of his perruque, with the pigtail tied with a black bow."—"A Grand Duchess and her Court."
(Reproduced from "The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

man, he proceeds to add, has within four or five years printed forty thousand copies at Amsterdam, the last edition consisting of 12,500 copies. The number printed in England itself during the time he estimates at just half. The statement is more than confirmed by Robert Baillie, writing in 1668, who declares that he has been informed by the printers that no fewer than seven hundred thousand of these Anglo-Dutch Bibles had been put into circulation, which must be an enormous exaggeration. Unfortunately, as the work of foreign printers, they were incorrect, but their cheapness gave them the advantage over the better indigenous editions. Such are the effects of monopoly.

Facts like these prove that a catalogue of editions of the English Bible, as nearly complete as possible, must be no merely private undertaking, but a matter of national concern. To be authentic such a catalogue must not be grounded upon the testimony of bibliographical authorities, however respectable, but upon an actual examination of the books. There are many noble collections of Bibles in Britain, among which that now forming at the John Rylands Library, Manchester, is entitled to peculiar respect. The extreme rarity, however, of the oldest and most interesting editions of the English Bible will long, perhaps always, prevent any collection so recently undertaken as this from acquiring the character of universality. There are at present only two collections in the country of which this character can be predicated, that of the British Museum and that of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The former is of course the more distinctively national, and makes the nearer approach to universality. But when we realise the magnitude of the collection of the private Society, and realise how entirely this Society in every department is a child and creation of the national spirit, we shall allow that its claim to the quality of nationality is hardly inferior.

It is extremely interesting to learn from Messrs. Darlow and Moule's preface how the Biblical library of the Society grew up out of the institution of the Society itself. This was founded in 1804, in the midst of the crisis of apprehended invasion, and it is no small honour to the nation that such an enterprise should have been undertaken at such a time. No one, it is probable, at the moment thought of a library, but it was soon discovered that a library was an inevitable sequel of the larger project. On December 17th, 1804, an appeal was authorised soliciting "donations of Bibles, Testaments and portions of the Scriptures in the ancient and modern languages for the use of agents and members of the Society," and this met with a prompt response from Granville Sharp and others. Hence the catalogue of the Society's collections cannot, any more than that of the British Museum catalogue, be one of English Bibles only. Such a limitation would not only exclude some of the greatest curiosities, but would ignore the most important part of the work of the Society itself, which has not been reprinting the English Bible, but translating the Scriptures into the languages of uncivilised or semi-civilised peoples, or sometimes republishing versions already made in polished tongues, but proscribed by the bigotry of rulers. The aim of the special student of the English Bible is nevertheless consulted by the division which has been wisely made between English editions and foreign versions, the former occupying the handsome and substantial volume now before us, the latter reserved for another to follow shortly. The steady growth of the collection is a most interesting feature in the Society's history. The earliest printed list (1810) filled fourteen pages; the next (1822) thirty-two; the next (1832) eighty-six. In 1857 a catalogue, excellent for its time, was compiled by Mr. George Bullen, afterwards Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum. It did not enter into the plan of this undertaking to offer minute biographical detail, much less the varied historical information which renders the present catalogue so interesting to consult. The enhancement of the bibliographical standard and the addition of valuable information ranging far beyond the sphere of bibliography are gratifying indications of a general elevation of the intellectual level in this as well as in other classes of literary work. Mr. Bullen's catalogue would nevertheless have been quite serviceable for ordinary purposes had not the need of a new work been forced upon the Society's attention by the rapid growth of the collection, especially by the purchase in 1890 of no less than twelve hundred volumes of various editions of the English Bible collected by Mr. Francis Fry of Bristol, to whose memory this volume is appropriately dedicated.

Bibliographical accuracy was naturally to be expected in a catalogue brought out under such auspices, and containing so many items where such accuracy is essential. The fulness of the entries of the early Bibles in general is nevertheless a welcome surprise; and still more interesting and important is the intermixture of historical detail with the dry particulars of the catalogue. "We have sought throughout," says the Prospectus, "to give prominence to facts which illustrate the life of the English Bible among the English people." The contraband traffic in Dutch-printed Bibles to which we have adverted is adduced as an illustration of this, as also the insertion of "Popish pictures" in the Edinburgh Bible of 1633; the tacit but effectual protest at the same time against the inclusion of the Apocryphal books in the Divine Word by simply omitting to bind them up; and the Bible Society's success in multiplying and cheapening copies. In the latter connection it is interesting to learn, in connection with the now generally discredited assertion of an English Bible having been printed at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1761, that "to this day no English Bibles are printed in the Colonies; and the only copies of King James's version which can be legally sold there are those which have been printed in Great Britain." We shall be surprised if the "Commonwealth" and the "Dominion" submit to this restriction much longer. One of the most interesting features of these delightful annotations is the entire reprint of a tract by Michael Sparke

called from his own name "Scintilla," published in 1641, and stringently criticising the monopoly of Bibles. As the editors observe, it throws a flood of light upon the prices of Bibles and the general bookselling trade of the period. It would be endless to recapitulate the pieces of interesting information conveyed in these notes. The most interesting of any, perhaps, is the statement that the Society's issues of English Bibles alone, during the first century of its existence, amounted to seventy-five million of copies. It was not until October, 1901, that the abolition, so far as the Revised Version was concerned, of a fundamental law of the Society, restricting its publication of English Bibles to the Authorised Version, allowed it to circulate the Revised Version, which has since been frequently issued. The Authorised Version as published by the Society has no doubt always corresponded with the Cambridge Bible of 1762 and the Oxford Bible of 1769, respectively edited by Dr. Paris and Dr. Blayney, in which the obsolete orthography of the seventeenth century finally gave way to modern forms, themselves no doubt indebted for much of their stability to their employment in the one British book of universal circulation.

Whether as cataloguers, annotators, or editors, Mr. Darlow and Mr. Moule have performed a most acceptable service, and we look forward with much interest to their second volume, which will contain the catalogue of the Bibles in foreign languages possessed by the library of the Bible Society. Many of these will no doubt give occasion for notes embodying historical information of no less interest than the annotations upon early English Bibles. RICHARD GARNETT.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*

It is just four years since Sir George Trevelyan published the First Part of his great work on the American Revolution. The two new volumes which form Part Two carry on the history of the war from the withdrawal of the British troops from Boston, to Washington's victories at Trenton and Princeton. There could hardly be a more opportune moment for their appearance than now, between the close of the Boer war and the beginning of a new order in our relations to the Colonies. Historians the most antagonistic to the Whig tradition can have little to oppose to Sir George Trevelyan's exhaustive criticism of that fatal policy which began with the Boston Port Bill, a criticism none the less scathing because of the extreme moderation and urbanity of its tone. By this time Sir George Trevelyan must be well used to the obvious and inevitable comparison with Macaulay. Irresistible as it is, it hardly does full justice to the twentieth-century historian. Macaulay lavished all his powers of equilibrium on his style. Sir George Trevelyan gives us less perfectly balanced periods; but, with an equal temptation to be caustic, he shows a steadier judgment, a more delicate irony, and a humaner wit. With a style as vivid as Macaulay's, he is his own master in the terse, characteristic phrase. Apropos of Robertson's "America" he wittily defines history as "the longest of all the arts"; but this complete and satisfying brevity forbids any application of the epigram to his own methods. Nobody would dream of comparing Macaulay with Carlyle; but Sir George Trevelyan has something of the quality which distinguished that rugged historian of another Revolution. He sees history, not as a bloodless procession of events, but as the march, the broken, pathetic, tragic march, of the "fighting units" which make up the army of humanity.

The book has few more graphic and exciting pages than those which tell of the great battle on Long Island, and of the defeat at Trenton of those German mercenaries whom George III. hired at such vast expense to fight against his Colonies. Sir George Trevelyan shrewdly criticises the unhappy tactics by which Howe lost in the last month of 1776 all the advantages which he had gained in that year's campaign. "The true policy of the campaign was to keep the Americans perpetually on the run till their army was reduced to fragments; to take and hold their capital of Philadelphia; and to break up their civil administration, and their military organisation, beyond any possibility of repair or resurrection. All other schemes should have been postponed to the accomplishment of this supreme object; and every available man and horse should have been launched on the chase of a decisive and overwhelming victory." But this, as we know, was the moment which Howe selected to

* "The American Revolution." By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. Part II. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

From the Drawing by A. v. Kreling. **Faust's Curse.**

"Yet now I curse whate'er entices
And snares the soul with visions vain;
With dazzling cheats and dear devices
Confines it in this cave of pain!
Cursed be, at once, the high ambition
Wherewith the mind itself deludes!
Cursed be the glare of apparition
That on the finer sense intrudes!
Cursed be the lying dream's impression
Of name, and fame, and laurelled brow!"
—Translation by Bayard Taylor.

(Reproduced from "Faust," by kind permission of the Verlagsanstalt F. Bruckmann, Munich.)

turn off two divisions of infantry on a side issue, the "facile conquest" of Rhode Island, an error which changed the fortunes of the war.

Sir George Trevelyan points out that the conditions of warfare were very much the same for eighteenth-century Englishmen fighting against the Americans, as for twentieth-century Englishmen fighting against the Boers. In either case the Colonial sharp-shooters worked appalling havoc in the British lines. "A colonist in the first years of the war was often prone to run away, if he was very much afraid of being killed himself; but, when he stood his ground, it was with the express purpose of killing some of his opponents. The deadly, personal character of American sharp-shooting was for the British an unexpected and disconcerting phenomenon, and would have altogether daunted less brave troops than those against whom it was directed." Nor was this the only point in which the American artisans, farmers, and backwoodsmen had the advantage. "The multifarious labours of the farm in a thickly peopled country had taught them to construct entrenchments quickly out of the materials that lay closest at hand." "Wherever, as in the siege-works outside Boston, there was a continuous front which could not be turned, the rank and file of the army might be trusted, almost without superior direction, to render that front impregnable; but it was another matter when the work to be done was beyond the scope of spadesmen, wood-cutters, and mechanics." An eye-witness describes an American fort as "an irregular polygon—irregular indeed, and indefensible with a vengeance."

Sir George Trevelyan quotes John Adams's account of Congress as "not a legislative assembly, nor a representative assembly, but only a diplomatic assembly." And most difficult and delicate its functions were, seeing that it possessed no central authority, and that its members were formidably divided on the very question at issue. But whatever its shortcomings before and after, it proved itself greatly wise when it gave Washington the untrammelled power of a Dictator. Of this act Sir George Trevelyan says that "the force of the compliment lay not so much in the phrasing as in the timing of the Resolution. Although a final decision was not taken until the day after Trenton, Washington's letter had been read and considered, and a Committee had been appointed to prepare an answer, before the issue of this battle was known at Baltimore."

The later half of the second volume deals with the state of public opinion at home, and with the religious question in America. The feeling of the nation may best be measured by the extent of the liberty enjoyed by the Press during the whole period of the war. Sir George Trevelyan also points out that the struggle was marked by a "feature unique in English history"—the refusal of many distinguished officers to serve against the colonists, notably of Vice-Admiral Keppel and Lieut.-General Sir Jeffrey Amherst. Equally praiseworthy and significant was Granville Sharp's resignation of his slender berth at the Board of Ordnance, a post which was then his sole source of income. Sir George Trevelyan does no less than justice to the King and his Ministers in recording that they respected these scruples. He preserves this even judgment through all the provocations of his theme. He is fair, not only to men like Arnold and Lee, but to Lord North, than which there could hardly be a more convincing proof of impartiality. The same temper is conspicuous in his treatment of Wesley, whose attitude to America was nobler in the beginning of the war than in the middle, when loyalty inspired him to boil down Johnson's "Taxation no Tyranny" into "The Calm Address." Justice, rather than political bias, compels Sir George Trevelyan to be more severe on Johnson for the perpetration of that pamphlet. In the same chapter (on The Talk of Men) he tells with much pathos the story of those loyalist refugees who came to England in the first year of the war. "In contrast to all that seemed vulgar and offensive in America, the emigrants had beguiled themselves with an ideal picture of the welcome which they would receive from the refined society of England." How refined society actually received them is graphically described. "A ghost at a banquet was hardly more out of place than a sober and melancholy New Englander in a St. James's Street club. George Selwyn, and his like, had little use for a companion who, when people of fashion were mentioned, did not know to what county they belonged, or with what families they were connected; who had never amused himself on a Sunday, and not much on any day in the week; who was easily shocked, and whose purse was slender."

The same chapter contains an amusing account of that namesake of Macaulay's who anticipated his design of writing the History of the American Revolution, and who was thus honoured by an admiring divine: "He placed her statue, adorned with the attributes of the Muse of History, inside the altar-rails of his church; and he built a vault where her remains should rest when her spirit had joined the immortals."

Of the religious question Sir George Trevelyan says, pleasantly, that "in their opposition to the introduction of a bishop, the American people may be said to have anticipated the Monroe doctrine, and to have applied it to ecclesiastical matters," and that "the Non-Importation Agreement, in the all but unanimous view of its supporters, held good against bishops as well as against all other British products."

By some oversight the fifth President of the United States appears on page eighty-four of Volume Two as Alexander Monroe. The Alexanders, if we are not mistaken, were in another line of business.

MAY SINCLAIR.

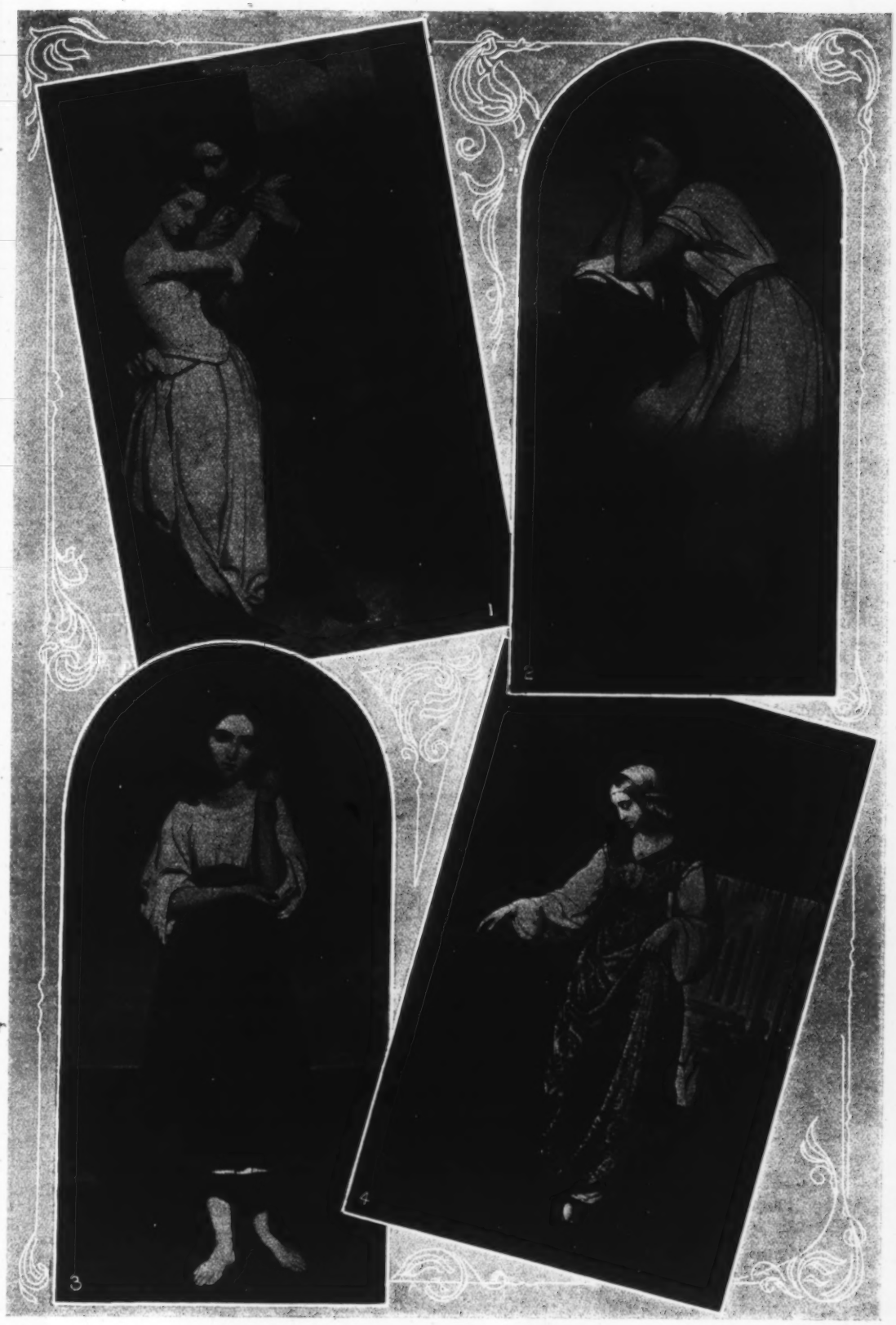
THE FAMOUS DR. NARES.*

In one of his gayest paragraphs Macaulay has immortalized Dr. Edward Nares, "Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford," whose book on Burleigh and his times consisted of about two thousand closely printed quarto pages, occupied fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and weighed sixty pounds avoirdupois. I can still hear the laughter which greeted this computation, read out in our college hall at dinner when I was a schoolboy. Generations pass, but Macaulay is still popular; the laugh seems likely to be a British inheritance, and Dr. Nares will be famous until his twin-figure from New Zealand arrives. Such is the singular destiny of a good man, about whom I knew no more yesterday than that he had proved unreadable even to the *helluo librorum*, or Thomas Comestor, who could digest the Myriobiblion of the Patriarch Photius. But to-day I think of Dr. Nares with a certain kindness. His life had in it a sort of romance; his talents were genuine, his character was attractive; and he married a daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. What more could we ask?

There is a quaint simplicity about this volume, in which Jane Austen would have found herself at home. Edward Nares, not as yet Doctor of Divinity or Regius Professor, was born in Carey Street, London, on March 26th, 1762, and brought up at his father's country seat, Warbrook House, Eversley, Hants. We all know that it is not from his works the "Eversley Series" took its name; but he adds an interest to the picturesque and delightful neighbourhood associated for us with reminiscences of Charles Kingsley and Lucas Malet. Mr. George Nares, the father, was M.P. for Oxford and its Recorder; he became a Judge and Sir George; was "a devout and loyal Churchman"; read the Psalms every day; and left an honourable memory. Edward's mother was a daughter of Sir John Strange, Master of the Rolls, "a man," says the biographer, "who stood high in the estimation of H.M. George II. and,"—the inference is perhaps a little indirect,—"was universally respected." Here are the materials for a chapter of County chronicle, such as Englishmen love. It is enhanced by Edward's amusing experiences, which were trying for him as a shy little boy, at Westminster School, and in due course at Christ Church. He went on circuit with Sir George, wrote "humorous compositions," of a kind that no magazine would now look at, rambled about the Lake District, made a trip to Flanders, and in 1788 was present at Versailles, where he thought Louis XVI. handsome, admired the Queen, and was introduced to the little Duc de Normandie, soon afterwards Dauphin, destined to perish in the Temple. These few pages, taken from the traveller's note-book, are a touching though unadorned commentary on the celebrated passage in Edmund Burke.

Without trial or competition Nares was elected Fellow of Merton in 1788. Oxford then could show various odd

* "A Versatile Professor. Reminiscences of the Rev. Edward Nares, D.D." By G. Cecil White, Rector of Nursling. 5s. net. (Brimley Johnson.)



1. Faust and Marguerite in the Garden.

From the Painting by Ary Scheffer.

"O tremble not! but let this look,
Let this warm clasp of hands declare thee
What is unspeakable!"—Faust.

—Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust."

2 and 3. Mignon.

From the Paintings by Ary Scheffer.

"Know'st thou the land where citron-apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom;
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?
Know'st thou it, then?
'Tis there! 'tis there,
O my true lov'd one, thou with me must go!"

—Mignon's song in Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister."

4. Marguerite leaving the Church.

From the Painting by Vogel.

"She there? She's coming from confession,
Of every sin absolved; for I,
Behind her chair was listening nigh.
So innocent is she indeed,
That to confess she had no need."

—Mephistopheles.

—Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust."

characters, none more eccentric than Dr. Barton, Warden of the same College and a reputed miser, of whom we get a lively account. Nares plunged into studies of all descriptions; he became an amateur geologist; and, though inveterately timid in society, discovered a turn for wit which reminds us, at a long distance, of Lewis Carroll, but which made or spoilt his prospects by introducing him at Blenheim, where he figured in private theatricals, grew to be a friend of the family, and fell in love with Lady Charlotte Spencer. The Duke frowned; but the young people had their way, and a happy marriage was the consequence. The gentleman had now taken orders. He was presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury to a small living, Biddenden in the Weald of Kent, and spent in that seclusion the rest of his days. Lady Charlotte died in 1802. The story of their wedded life is a pretty one; and, as we might expect, the widower married again, not less fortunately. He survived until July 23rd, 1841, much regarded, the gentlest and most unassuming of men, learned in his curious unprofitable fashion, a relic from the age of Frederick the Great to that of Queen Victoria, and altogether not unlike the President of Magdalen, Dr. Routh, whose fellow we may account him in erudition and in the type of Churchmanship that preceded, if it did not foreshadow, the Tractarian Movement.

The "British Critic," in fact, which became the organ of that party, was founded by Archdeacon Nares, Edward's cousin, and to it the Rector of Biddenden contributed seventy articles. He read incessantly, wrote voluminously, and has left no work which anyone need now consult. His polemic with the Unitarians about their version of the New Testament is as much out of date as his defence of what was then considered to be the Mosaic chronology. But he could do more interesting feats than these combats in the void. He had a taste for heraldry and collected many illustrations of his favourite reading. He took up the hitherto neglected subject of economics and, amid difficulties which make us smile, but which to him were very bitter, did his best to give it a home at Oxford. More remarkable still, he wrote in ten days a moralising novel, "Thinks I to Myself," which ran through nine editions in a year and, though published anonymously, brought him renown as well as profit. This was in 1811, the same year in which Jane Austen brought out "Sense and Sensibility," but the immortal Jane did not equal in immediate success her now distanced competitor. Will some enterprising firm reproduce Dr. Nares's novel?

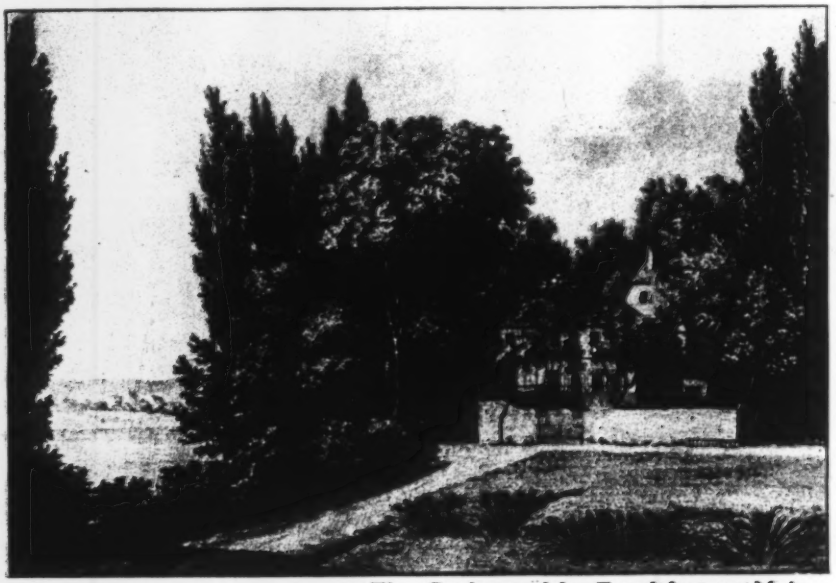
I must break off. There is entertaining matter left, especially concerning good old "Farmer George"; and the "wild Prince" and Mrs. Fitzherbert; and the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to England in 1814;—they drove to Oxford from London past the window at which I am writing,—and, of course, the Churchills get their due in a story so full of them. As an authentic picture, showing us the world before the flood, this pleasant volume has every right to exist. We shall always be amused at the thought of Lord Burleigh's fifteen hundred cubic inches and sixty pounds avoirdupois. It is not likely that the files of the "British Critic" will be disturbed from their slumbers by anyone searching for light in dark places. But the exquisite feeling and shy courtesy of Edward Nares, his sense of humour, his unworldliness, his tender piety, and even his heroic ineffectual quest after knowledge that he could never interpret, leave us with an affection for the man that does credit to his fine temper, if it makes a little merry with some of the performances in which that temper strove to express itself.

WILLIAM BARRY.

From the Bust by Christian Daniel Rauch. **Goethe, 1820.**

"Yesterday for the second, and to-day for the third time I have been looking at your bust by Rauch. Clinging as I do to the first impression, I still choose to compare it with later ones, and find myself pretty well satisfied. Anyhow, our artist, at very first sight, saw deeper into you than any of his predecessors, who are known to me."—Letter from Zelter to Goethe, October, 1820.

(Reproduced from Dr. Rollett's "Die Goethe Bildnisse," by kind permission of the Verlagsbuchhandlung Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna.)



The Gerbermuhle, Frankfort-on-Main.

The country house, situated on the South Bank of the Main, between Offenbach and Frankfort, where Goethe stayed in the summer of 1815 with the von Willemers, and where he established the deep friendship commenced in the previous autumn with Marianne von Willemer, the "Suleika" of the Gerbermühle. Marianne von Willemer took especial interest in Goethe's "Divan," from which he read many poems aloud and their friendship resulted in the exchange of lyrics, and a correspondence which lasted until the poet's death.

(Reproduced from the "Goethekatalog," by kind permission of the Freies Deutsches Hochstift, Frankfort-on-Main.)

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.*

Lord Avebury has a special talent for the preparation of well-conceived and happily expressed addresses on occasions such as the unveiling of monuments, the inauguration or anniversary commemorations of institutions, and the like. There are few who combine, as he does, a special training in science and public affairs, and a sympathy with all that makes for intellectual progress, with the power

* "Essays and Addresses, 1900-1903." By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury, P.C. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

of expressing the thoughts appropriate for such occasions in well-chosen and fluent language. The literary merit of these contributions is considerable, and they are rich in apt quotations, which is a characteristic of most of the author's popular works.

The papers collected in this volume are for the most part addresses and speeches which he has delivered on special occasions within the last three years. The first four are appreciations of Huxley, Ruskin, Jefferies, and Macaulay; and although they contain little original matter they were quite suitable for the occasions on which they were delivered. The second four, on Public Libraries, the Order of Merit, Bank Holidays (with which the name of Lubbock is especially connected in the public mind), and on the Early Closing Bill, have also a certain amount of popular interest.

The three essays which follow are the best in the volume, and will doubtless be read with attention by all who are concerned with the great political question of the day; for although the articles on "Our Fiscal Policy" and on "The Present Position of British Commerce" were written before the crisis had become as acute as it is now, yet they are important and timely contributions to the literature of the subject on the side of Free Trade.

The three addressses on educational subjects do not rise much above the commonplace, and contain little of permanent value. The last article in the volume, on the work of the Churchmen's Union, is rather indefinite, and in parts not very intelligible. It is, for example, difficult to understand the exact force of the rhetorical passage near the end of his speech, in which he says, "For an Englishman there is a profound distinction between the National Church and theological sects. A sect represents an opinion; the Church a duty. We must differ, but why need we separate? . . . The Church is the national recognition of the great mystery of existence. Must it not be a satisfaction to meet one's countrymen in reverend recognition of that mystery, and in gratitude for the great gift of life, without allowing ourselves to be separated by metaphysical differences."

The book is clearly and well printed, and there are few typographical errors. Query, what is the "publication of Waterloo" mentioned on p. 85?

ALEX. MACALISTER.

From a Drawing by A. von Ramberg.

Hermann under the Pear-tree.

"And she was not mistaken; there sat her Hermann, and rested—
Sat with his arm propp'd up, and seem'd to gaze o'er the country
Far away tow'rd the mountain, his back turn'd full on his mother.
Softly she stole up to him, and shook quite gently his shoulder;
And, as he quickly turn'd round, she saw there were tears on his eyelids."

—Translation by H. Dale.

(Reproduced from "Hermann and Dorothea," by kind permission of the G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Berlin.)

MR. HARDY'S EXPERIMENT.*

Mr. Hardy's drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes, is formed on no known model, and is not meant for the stage. The most distinguished living writer of fiction in England has earned the right to ask our interest for a new experiment, and this we are the more willing to admit that much of his verse already published justifies the unconventionality of its form by a rare charm and freshness of inspiration. It is our part then, out of gratitude to him for past delights, and also in prudence—seeing the anarchic condition of the drama and of dramatic theory to-day—to grant him the full liberty of the pioneer. Then on his new ground, with his novel machinery, let him compel our attention and admiration if he can.

To those likely to be mainly interested in it on its historical side, it should be said that one chief aim of "The Dynasts" is to show the great controlling influence of England in the Napoleonic struggle. The statement of this can only be completed by the second and third parts, and until these appear we must suspend judgment as to the fulfilment of the purpose—though the portion before us does its fair share towards proving such a thesis.

Mr. Hardy calls his experiment a drama, but warns us he has made no attempt "to create that completely organic structure of action, and closely-webbed development of

* "The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars." By Thomas Hardy. Part First. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

character and motive" which is generally understood by that term. It is rather made up of bits out of a score of dramas—Napoleon's drama, Pitt's, Nelson's, Villeneuve's dramas, the dramas of the Czar Alexander and the Kaiser Franz and many another. Inasmuch as the characters are meant to utter only what is conventionally expected of them, it might be called a sublimized puppet-play. But the author helps us with the right words in calling "The Dynasts" a chronicle-piece, and in speaking of it as "panoramic." Now we have a scene in Wessex, now in Paris, now in the House of

Statue of Goethe at Frankfort-on-Main.

"Goethe was of high stature, of strong, robust build, the brownish hair slightly bleached, the brow high arched, the eye still fresh and fiery, the colour white and red. The features of the countenance were strong, the chin somewhat prominent, the neck considerably fleshy."—Grüner.

Commons, now in Boulogne Harbour, now in the house of a London Lady of Quality, now in Milan Cathedral—to speak only of Act I. These scenes have different sets of actors, and sometimes the actors speak only to the eye, their purposes and movements being indicated by more or less elaborate stage directions. The art of the puppet-show is unduly neglected to-day. There is a fine field open to him who shall rediscover and dignify it. But the puppets—that is, actors who express the course of events rather than their own individuality—must not be, as here, bewildering in number, must be strictly limited to the needs of the action; and must only utter what is significant of their parts. None of the little life-like touches that make for individuality, none of the accidental details that would prove them real human beings, and therefore imperfect symbols, are admissible. But Mr. Hardy is too much of the poet-humourist for this; and his occasional escapes from these limitations breed teasing hopes of a profounder character-study than it is in his present plan to satisfy.

So far as it is meant as a vivid chronicle of the time, the question it presents is, whether these detached dialogues of widely different groups of persons alternating with scenic display, is better than, or as good as, ordinary narrative form. We doubt it long before the end. And on the dramatic side, we are impelled to ask, Is not the old plan of a little drama, limited in space and circumstance, which suggests a vast whole, albeit dimly, better than a hundred dramas, which should attempt, by their sum, actually to represent the whole? But, indeed, in the end our doubt is not as to the advisability of Mr. Hardy's plan, but whether he had any plan at all, whether "The Dynasts" is anything save a collection of vivid excerpts from a careful and interesting note-book. We English hate the discipline of form; and in every transition age, when canons of art are disturbed, we riot in the licence of the formless. At all events, if matured scheme there be, its advantages are not proven. We do not see a future for the panoramic drama, save for popular representation on the stage—which is just where Mr. Hardy does not anticipate its appearance—and there with a much more meagre, more elementary "book of the words" than his genius could possibly limit itself to.

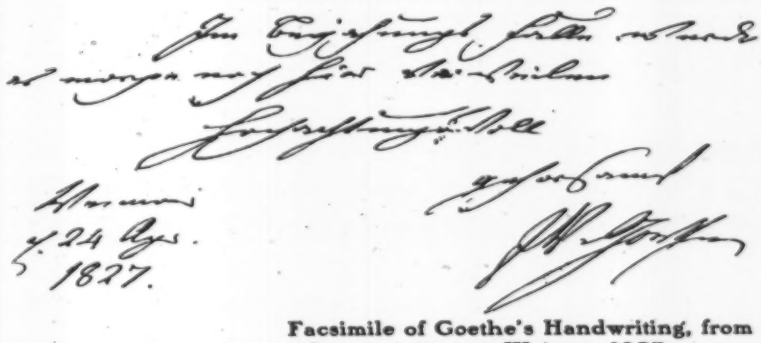
As to details of form apart from structure, the constant alternation of prose and verse—blank verse and lyrical—is almost demanded by the variety of the personages and the circumstances. But we could wish the choice of each had been less arbitrary. Why should the Wessex rustics—old friends of "The Trumpet Major" and "The Return of the Native" and their delightful peers—talk in prose, if the members of the House of Commons and King George III. speak in blank verse?—

> "Yes, yes; I grasp your reasons, Mr. Pitt,
> And grant you audience gladly. More than that,
> Your visit to this shore is apt and timely,
> And if it do but yield you needful rest
> From fierce debates, and other strains of office
> Which you and I in common have to bear,
> 'Twill be well earned. The bathing is unmatched
> Elsewhere in Europe,—see its mark on me!"

The question here is not as to the quality of the verse, but why such matter should be in verse at all. We give the quotation merely to illustrate the arbitrary choice of form—not as a specimen of the powers of a writer who can use the same metre admirably, as in

> "Enjoy this sun that rests its chubby jowl
> Upon the plain, and thrusts its bristling beard
> Across the lowlands' fleecy counterpane."

But in one respect "The Dynasts" may, indeed, do pioneering work, by its insistence on the too much forgotten fact that every drama which is not merely the reflection of some social coterie, plays in two worlds, and that unseen powers and personalities have in it legitimate rôles, either as actors or chorus. It is here in this more difficult portion that Mr. Hardy has achieved success—though by his refusal to conform to conventional notions of the spiritual powers he has added to his difficulties a thousandfold. Not only has he dared to bid prosaic readers listen to the watching Pities and Ironic Spirits lamenting over, or mocking at, the weary, petty warfare of men below, but he has aspired to be the poet of the monistic theory. His Monism has something of his own about it. In his statement of it there may be contradiction, but this matters less since it is that of a poet, and thus more thought-stimulating than any statement of any scientist. His "Immanent Will" is not as defined by some dispassionate man of science, but as conceived by a man of deeply emotional nature, who holds his convictions strongly, and deplores their truth. While the Shade of the Earth asks "What of the Immanent Will and Its designs?" the Chorus of the Pities laments in answer, "Ever unconscious." From Its non-sentience springs all the anarchy of the world. It



Facsimile of Goethe's Handwriting, from a Letter written at Weimar, 1827.

(From the original courteously supplied by Messrs. J. Baer and Co., Frankfort-on-Main.)

can only be perceived in emanations from Itself—most of them terribly sentient, by the way—Wessex rustics, Napoleon, Pitt, poor doddering George III., or the imaginable spirits of the Earth, or the Years, or the Pities. As in a vivid anatomical design, It appears "a brain-like net-work of currents and ejections, twitching, interpenetrating, entangling, and thrusting hither and thither the human forms." Or, emotionally expressed by the Ironic Spirits mocking the Pities,

> "Stand ye apostrophising That
> Which, working all, works but thereat
> Like some sublime fermenting-vat
>
> Heaving throughout its vast content
> With strenuously transmutive bent,
> Though of its aim unsentient?
>
> Could ye have seen Its early deeds,
> Ye would not cry, as one who pleads
> For quarter, when a Europe bleeds!"

We, continue the Ironic Spirits,

> "Saw ravage, growth, diminish, add,
> Or peoples sane or peoples mad,
> In choiceless round of good and bad;
>
> Heard laughters at the ruthless dooms
> Which tortured to the eternal glooms
> Quick, quivering hearts in hecatombs."

Mere watchers, powerless to prevent or urge, they hover apart from the earthly protagonists and the crowd of supers; yet by their coherence of character, their presence at every crisis, brooding over the cockpit of the *Victory*, over Napoleon's bivouac at Austerlitz, and the dying bed of Pitt, these phantom intelligences are the one unifying force in the whole piece. They present the sole dramatic element, and they express themselves always with force and often with beauty. By the overworld portion is "The Dynasts" justified—because there has been admitted something of that potent limitation whose name is Art. A. MACDONELL.

THE CARLYLE COUNTRY.*

Already we have had published the "Shakespeare," the "Bunyan," the "Ingoldsby," and "Scott" Countries, and a "Burns" Country is understood to be in the press. Now comes the "Carlyle Country," written *con amore* by the only man qualified to do justice to it. Annandale and the Carlyle landmarks are safe enough in the hands of Mr. Sloan. What he does not know about them is not worth knowing. Long and intimate familiarity with the district, and a thorough sympathy with his subject, are the best claims for giving us this new and sumptuous Carlyle book. We are not told anything very fresh or original about the Sage, certainly, but the work is one which cannot very well be passed over by the Carlyle student. Doubtless the man himself will be understood all the better for its perusal. And there will be "more of reverence" too. It is the boyhood of great men, their early environment and struggles that bring us most nearly to their heart. So with Burns, or Scott, or Chalmers, or Carlyle. How often this first setting gives us a key to all the after situations! Annandale and Carlyle are not less inseparable than Burns and the banks of Ayr, or Scott and the Tweed. Carlyle was a Borderer ever in spirit and affection. A rugged Borderesqueness characterised him all through life. He never really got away from Nithside or the "dewy holms of Annan Water." Hence largely the personality of the man, and his power of work year after year, and the pathos by which many of the life-incidents have appealed to the world. There is a peculiar charm in tracing his career through these pages, from the old "arch-house" at Ecclefechan, built by Carlyle the elder, in 1791, until the long and strenuous eighty-five years were over, and he was borne back again to his mother's side. Many exquisite passages, to be read over and over again, will suggest themselves to the reader of these fascinating chapters. What more touching than the story of that once-a-year visit to his mother's grave. Here is a disclosure of the real man, and does not a scene like that fetter him to our hearts for ever? It is clear, notwithstanding what has been alleged, that Carlyle felt his true home was at Ecclefechan, where there were so few who understood him, and who wondered, indeed, what all the world could see in the stonemason's son. That thousands should annually visit the birth-house shrine, is still an appalling fact to some of the modern Ecclefechaners. They have erected no memorial to their greatest native, nor, strangely enough, is there any in the whole of Annandale. He needs none; but one is rather chagrined to find that practically the sole reminder of Carlyle's association with the place, apart from the "arch-house" and his grave, is the "Resartus Reading Room"—"a small, badly-

* "The Carlyle Country, with a Study of Carlyle's Life." By J. M. Sloan. 10s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)

From the Drawing by E. J. Sullivan.

Faust and Mephistopheles.

"Now, not to take or give offence,
Believe me, here all violence
Is useless—in a little while
The damsel may be won by guile;—
A stratagem, perhaps, may gain
The fortress—storming it were vain!"
—Mephistopheles, Anster's translation.

(Reproduced from the Pocket Classics Edition of "Faust," by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

lighted apartment containing a few newspapers, a bagatelle board in a smaller room behind, and a neglected library above a rickety stair. A complete edition of Carlyle's books, which the library at one time possessed, has now wholly 'disappeared.'" "I asked an obliging peasant in one of the lanes," continues Mr. Sloan, "if he had read Thomas Carlyle's books. 'No,' he replied, 'they're no easy to get haud o' hereabouts.'" But Carlyle has never been popular with the crowd, and the average countryman's reading is chiefly confined to the newspaper. So we are scarcely surprised if even at the source of Carlyleism, few have quaffed draughts from its Well of Truth.

Mr. Sloan, fortunately, does not enter into any of the crying Carlyle controversies. In this he has shown a judicious tact. One is sick of the eternal "catter-battering," and it is of little account now which side scores for the nonce. Time will not dull the lustre on the Carlyle brow. No "Nemesis" is likely to overtake him. In the centuries to come Carlyle's will be a name to conjure with, and the honest, outspoken, independent character of the man will yet be the moulding of many a noble and worthy life. Let all who seek to get into the Carlyle "secret" lay hold of this goodly guide, with its rare wealth of illustration, and anecdote, and biography, always well expressed, and never palling for a moment on the attention. There is not a memory of Carlyle but is mentioned here. His ancestors, a hard-working peasantry of whom he was never ashamed, his relatives on both sides of the house, other members of the family who have acquired more than local celebrity, the companions of his youth and later life—Irving, Aird, etc.—and the homes and haunts of the hero himself, in that storied countryside between "merrie Carlisle" (whence the family name no doubt was derived and the spreading sands of the Solway, up to the rich green fastnesses of Dumfriesshire, glorified by such names as Annan and Ecclefechan (his Entepfuhl), Hoddom and Repentance Hill, Mainhill, Scotsbrig, Templand (where Carlyle was married), Craigenputtock, Dunscore, and Dumfries—of all these and many more the "Carlyle Country" forms by far the finest history. Pictorially (there are about one hundred admirable illustrations), and in other respects, no work can take its place. It is the choicest contribution of recent years to the already large enough pile of the Carlyle literature. But what has become of Sir James Crichton-Browne's "Foreword," promised in the prospectuses?

W. S. CROCKETT.

"BALLADS!"*

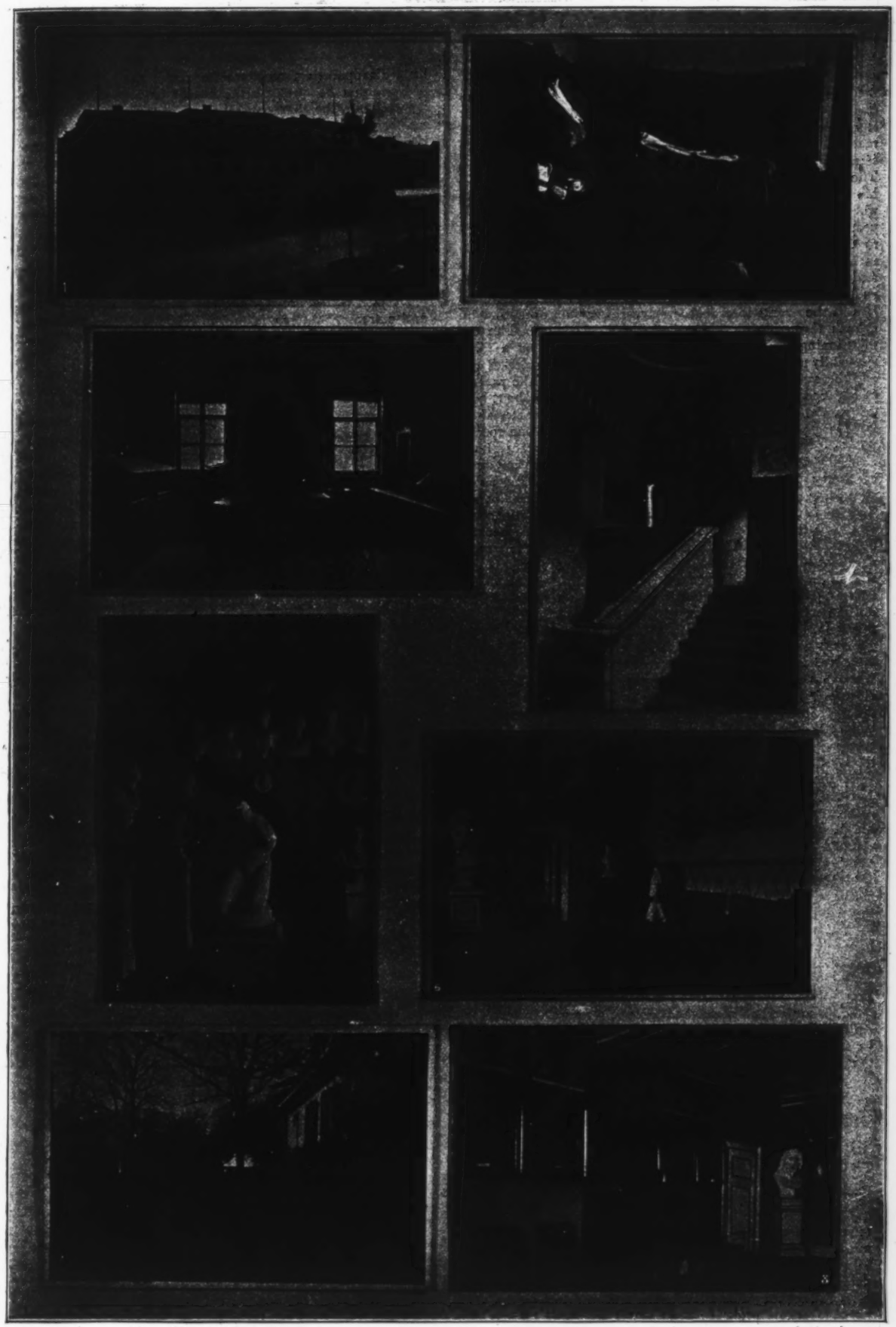
Board Schools and Music Halls between them have pretty well extinguished the street-corner ballads that Macaulay loved, that poor Noll Goldsmith sold at five shillings apiece, and which the facetious Mr. Frank Webber sang at the corner of College Green with a pathos sufficient to "draw three souls from one weaver." We believe that broadsides of antique, smoked paper appearance, printed in a vile old fount of type at a hand press on one side of the paper, are still to be had at a farthing each in Endell Street and Union Street, Borough. A window of small panes, where laces and confectionery dispute for precedence, would seem in these dark days of balladry to be their appropriate habitat: amid some such surroundings have we seen (unless we much mistake) a superbly illustrated "Earl Roberts" and that once popular ditty of the "Dublin Fusiliers." But for all practical purposes the street ballad is dead. The more the pity, say we, for it has a fine ancestry has the humble ballad, and affords a speaking link with the naïve productions of not a few of the minor Elizabethans, such as Dekker and Breton and Rowlands, quite apart from the ballad-makers proper, Deloney, Elderton, Taylor and the rest, rather than belong to whose fraternity Hotspur once said that he would prefer to be a cat and mew. The ballads were probably first recited into shape, which often remains sufficiently uncouth, by their creators; they were then printed and hawked round England by itinerant peddlers to the great delectation of outlying farms and hamlets. "What hast here," says the Clown, "ballads?" "Pray now, buy some," interjects Mopsa. "I love a ballad in print a life; for then we are sure they are true." "Here's one to a very doleful tune . . . . very true and but a month old," says the accommodating Autolycus. The ballads generally dealt with highwaymen and monstrosities, Tyburn tragedies, and other "true tales" of the day; but trashy as they mostly were, they soon found ardent "collectors"—Selden, for instance, and Mr. Pepys. Later on we have "Namby Pamby" Phillips, Allan Ramsay, Rawlinson, Herd and Shenstone, who communicated the taste to Bishop Percy. Percy made a famous trover in ballads by the discovery in Shropshire of an old MS. book, containing a large number of ballads, transcribed about a hundred years previously, but many of them very much more ancient in origin. When he published these old ballads as "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" in 1765 a new impulse was given, not only to the study of ballads, but to that of ancient vernacular literature generally (great as this impulse undoubtedly was, its influence can be and here is, we venture to think, exaggerated). The unamiable Joseph Ritson, a black-letter man himself, ridiculed Percy's derivation of a number of the ballads from medieval minstrelsy, and denied that any were older than Queen Elizabeth. Percy had felt that ballads such as "Child Maurice" were strong meat for the age of Johnson; he had accordingly emasculated his texts very considerably. But versions of a good number of them have been discovered since, dating from between 1500 and 1550. These ballads were vastly superior to the street ballads of Grub Street origin, to which the printing press had degraded the narrative poetry of the people. They were not metrical versions of chronicle or news letter, but really ancient, popular tales in verse.* Such rhymes on the subject of Robin Hood are known to have been current at least as early as 1370, when we hear of them in "Piers Plowman": while among the first things that came from the English Press were balletts on this and other themes. The Ballad Problem which has been waged so fiercely in the nineteenth century is just this. Was the ballad a fragment from the literary table of the middle ages, a romance degraded, clipped down and versified by some professional minstrel, or was it a genuine specimen of narrative folk-poetry, handed on, like some fairy tales, by oral tradition from more or less twilight times? In other words, was the ballad a prehistoric fossil, or was it a mere rechauffé? No ballad, as we actually have it now, either in MS. or print, dates from much before 1500. But this proves little in itself. In any case the external form must have changed considerably, with the vernacular, between, say, the days of Edward III. and those of Queen Elizabeth. Our present editor adopts an oracular tone on the subject of this controversy as to the "literary" or "communal" origin of the oldest ballads, and falls back finally upon the cautious pronouncement of Professor Child: "Though a man and not a people has composed them, still the author counts for nothing, and it is not by mere accident, but with the best reason, that they have come down to us anonymous." In many cases there can be little doubt that original "copies" were touched up and recited out of all knowledge of the original authors. But in the end we should certainly *like* to believe, with Mr. Lang, that these stirring old ballads which made the heart of Sir Philip Sidney to leap within him, were compounded not out of literary *débris*, but to some extent at any rate out of old wives' fables (the same stuff, perhaps, that Homer was made of), in some remote golden age of folk-poetry. It must have been golden, indeed, to produce such a beautiful work of art as "The Nutbrown Maid."

Ballads are not sung now, but assorted and sold in books, while the contents (like tea) are usually blended to the taste of consumers. Here at any rate we have a most admirable assortment. Mr. Sidgwick has not blended his ballads. As he justly observes, there is literary selfishness in emending and patching to suit one's private taste. The plan that he has adopted seems to us a very sensible one. It is to give that authorised text of each ballad which tells in the best manner the completest form of the story. He gives us a very careful and suggestive Introduction, with a short bibliography of the best books on Ballads, and some very pertinent notes on the origin, text, and diction of the fine selection of older ballads, some forty in number, which he prints in this handy volume. The production is altogether of the most artistic, and excites in the bibliopole a craving for a bookshelf of these Ballad books.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* "Popular Ballads of the Olden Time." Selected and Edited by Frank Sidgwick. I.—Ballads of Romance and Chivalry. 3s. 6d. net. (A. H. Bullen.)

* Some of them may have commonly been sung "at work," in which case the best modern equivalent would be the chanties (such as the fine "Away for Rio," and "On the Banks of the Sacramento"), to which capstans are run and topsails mast headed.



Photos Louis Held, Weimar.

GOETHE'S HOUSE IN WEIMAR.

1. Goethe's House from the Front.
2. Goethe's Bedroom, with the armchair in which he died.
3. Goethe's Study.
4. The Staircase.
5. The Bust-Room.
6. The Juno-Room (Drawing-Room), looking west.
7. The Garden.
8. The Dining-Room.

(Reproduced by the courteous permission of Dr. C. Ruland, Weimar.)

"A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH."*

"The purpose of this volume," says Dr. Douglas, "is to furnish my brother's friends with a memorial of his life," but it will certainly have an interest for a much wider circle of readers. It consists of a short biographical sketch, and five sermons preached at different times by Professor Douglas. The outward events of the life are simple and easily told—his education at Edinburgh University and the New College, where he gained the Cunningham Fellowship; his three years' ministry at Huntly; his settlement at Cambridge as first pastor of the Presbyterian Church there; his appointment eight years after, in 1901, to the Chair of Apologetics and Pastoral Theology in Knox College, Toronto; and his sudden death in the following year. The real interest lies less in the events than in the stages of mental and spiritual growth through which Halliday Douglas passed. The unquestioning faith of his boyhood gave way for a time, especially under the pressure of the doctrines of materialism; and the early part of the memoir is occupied with the process of his recovery. On the intellectual side, it came about by a deeper study of philosophy which taught him that materialism is "a hasty unification, from the point of view of one special phase of knowledge, dealing with one special aspect of the object." On the religious side, it was due to the influence of Henry Drummond, that "bright stoical spirit," as he strangely calls him. The one thing he learned from him was "the certainty of the personal worth of Christ, and the claim of Christ upon the minds and wills of men." This became the central pivot of his life and theology: "the whole texture of his thoughts was influenced by personal appreciation of the mind of Christ." "In all questions of doctrine . . . . he seemed to be unconsciously governed by a sense of what did most justice to the fact of Christ's character." The influence of this is seen all through his Apologetics, the general conception of which is clearly indicated in the memoir; and also in the two interesting sermons on "The Word made Flesh" and "Atonement," with which the volume closes. As the record of a strong and honest mind "forging through intellectual difficulties," to quote the expression of one of his friends, the book ought to have great interest, especially for theological students who may be passing through a similar struggle.

In the spring of 1902, after only one winter's work in Toronto, Professor Douglas returned to spend his holiday in this country. A few weeks later all the high hopes which his friends cherished of the work he might do for Canada came to a sudden and premature end by his death in Edinburgh after an operation for appendicitis. His colleague in Toronto, Professor McFadyen, bears warm testimony to his great power of winning the affection of his students and "presenting the Christian faith in a way that satisfied their intellects as well as their hearts and consciences." What he might have done for the Presbyterian Church in Canada must remain uncertain, since his work ended almost before it was begun; but those who knew him best had the greatest expectations of what it was in him to accomplish.

Dr. Douglas has performed his sad task with reserve and delicacy, and many who knew his distinguished brother only by name will be glad to have this record of a mind and spirit that could rest only in the truth.

Novel Notes.

THE TRACKLESS WAY. By E. Rentoul Esler. 6s. (Brimley Johnson.)

This is the story of the Rev. Gideon Horville's passionate quest of God. He loses faith in the religion of the Presbyterian Church, and making confession of this, is ignominiously turned out of its fold. For the growth of his mind, the broadening of his horizon, Gideon is chiefly indebted to the high and tolerant teachings of John Black, a stone-breaker whom he first meets working at the roadside. Black is probably the most memorable character in the book, he possesses certain elements of greatness (being, in a sense, own brother of the unforgettable stone-breaker that poor Michael Fairless created), and it is therefore a little disappointing, as detracting from the splendid reality of him, that he finally turns out to be a peer in disguise. Throughout, the characterisation of men and women alike is masterly. Gideon, recovering from a first love disillusion, loves again and marries, but not happily, and the whole episode of how, through his wife, he wrongs the man who has helped him, and to whom he owes his release from spiritual bondage, is related with a strong dramatic effectiveness. In point of style, this novel has much of the charm that held us in "The Way they Loved at Grimpat," allied to a story that is concerned with larger issues, and is, if anything, more engrossing and more profoundly human.

ROSEMONDE. By Beatrice Stott. 6s. (Unwin.)

Despite certain redundancies, "Rosemonde" is a strong and extremely interesting novel. The Byronic Stafford is a subtle essay in a difficult personality; he is so profoundly untrustworthy himself that, after their marriage, he cannot believe in Rosemonde even though, to remove from his mind certain doubts he has of her past, she reluctantly lets him read the locked private diary she has kept since her schooldays. With his genius and meanness, his petty mistrusts and indomitable charm, he is a brilliant character-study, and Rosemonde herself, unconventionally frank, sweet, and wholly unlike him, is almost equally so. To have shaped their story to any happy ending would have been a jarring mistake; it might better have been left unfinished, but the end it has is in keeping with it, and the book, as a whole, reaches the high level of the best of its predecessors in the First Novel Library.

AN UNSHARED SECRET. By Florence Montgomery. 6s. (Macmillan.)

There are four stories in this volume, and that from which it takes its title is the fullest and, perhaps, the strongest. They are all four quietly and ably written, and will appeal to girl readers with an irresistible fascination. The plot, in each case, is simple and natural; it is touched occasionally with common-place, but only as life itself is. The characters are ordinary, living men and women, drawn with knowledge of humanity and an unobtrusive art; the pathos is unforced and effective; and the stories, which are domestic life-dramas sounding, at times, a note of most poignant tragedy, are written with the skill and finished craftsmanship that have made Miss Montgomery's work so deservedly popular.

WINDFALLS. By Robert Aitken. 6s. (George A. Morton.)

This is a collection of short stories which bear the evident stamp of a man who has knocked about the world, and seen life from many different standpoints. Mr. Aitken is as much at home in South Africa as in South America, and he knows how to tell a short story without the encumbrance of superfluous detail. He is very successful in giving each tale its proper atmosphere, and his frank, straightforward style is well adapted to his matter. These sketches, for they are little more, are slight enough but very finished and complete. They are long enough, however, to show power and a living grip. We shall look with interest for Mr. Aitken's incursion into a wider domain, for he is a born story-teller and bound to attempt a more ambitious task.

THAT BRILLIANT PEGGY. By L. T. Meade. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is a very bright and human story, and differs from the majority of novels in being evolved not from the virtues of the heroine, but from her shortcomings. Peggy is hardly what could be called a good example. She could never be set up as a pattern of behaviour. Her faults are many, and some of them are distinctly unlikeable. But she keeps attention, and compels a certain surrender to her charms. In fact, Mrs. Meade has succeeded in a difficult endeavour—that of making a fascinating story out of a creature whose conduct is not always free of crookedness. The beginning is the least effective part of the book; the incident of the two sisters, and the rose to be worn as a sign to the returning lover, is a little wanting in originality. The interest deepens quickly, however, as the personality of Peggy begins to unfold itself, and the climax at the end is skilfully led up to. Illustrated by a delightful portrait of Peggy at the beginning—an excellent idea that helps a great deal to make the central figure a living reality to the reader—"That Brilliant Peggy" is a book in which a brisk plot goes side by side with a shrewd and careful analysis of temperament.

* "Andrew Halliday Douglas: Five Sermons, with a Biographical Introduction." By Charles Douglas, M.P. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Bookman's Table.

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A descriptive record of the history, religion, literature, and customs of the Jewish people from the earliest times to the present day. By Isidor Singer, Ph.D., and a large staff of editors and contributors. Vol. V. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

The great Jewish Encyclopædia moves steadily towards completion. Of the twelve volumes in which it is planned to include the whole, five are now in the hands of the public. The features which characterised the preceding volumes are maintained in this, which comprises the articles from Dreyfus to Gnosticism and Goat. The biographical articles with their illustrative portraits still form a particularly interesting feature of the work. Among those included in this volume are Duns Scotus, Emin Pasha, Fürst, Geiger, and Gesenius. But the importance of the volume will be recognised when it is said that it contains elaborate articles on Egypt, England, France, and Germany, as well as on Exodus, Genesis, Ezekiel and Ezra, the Gentiles and the Essenes. The desire for a scientific treatment of Biblical subjects is manifested by the employment of scholars so distinguished as Driver, Margoliouth, König, Buhl, Rogers, Barton, McCurdy, and several others whose standing is everywhere recognised. Some articles are, indeed, disappointingly meagre or curt, as those on Exorcism and Freemasonry, but on the whole the editing is painstaking and worthy of all praise. One cannot but wish success to so important an enterprise.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. By Lyman Abbott. With Portraits. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Henry Ward Beecher was certainly a big enough man to be commemorated in a biography; and as certainly Lyman Abbott was the right man to undertake the task. The biographer had no difficulty in finding material. The volume opens with a bibliography extending over twenty pages. But it is Lyman Abbott's personal knowledge of his predecessor in Plymouth Church that enables him to present us with so life-like a portrait of his friend. For it is a portrait rather than a life which we have in this volume. We see the man in various aspects and in the most trying circumstances, conquering the hostile audiences of the great English towns, facing calumny and shaming it into silence, pleading from Sunday to Sunday with his vast congregations, throwing himself with intensest vigour into the movements of his time. In all situations he approved himself a great and good man, inexhaustible in resource, of unfailing natural eloquence, and irrepressible humour. Lyman Abbott has done justice to his subject, and has fixed in permanent colours for this and coming generations the likeness of a man whom it is good to know and who greatly influenced the world for good. We should have expected Dr. Abbott to know that Glasgow is not a "border" town, and that in England people do not go to a meeting "armed."

"ETON IN 1829-30." By T. K. Selwyn. Edited with translation by E. Warre, D.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

This strangely interesting book is the translation of a diary written in Greek by one of the famous Selwyn brothers, who died soon after a brilliant career at Cambridge. It is remarkable that any schoolboy, however good a scholar, should ever have conceived the idea of writing in Greek an account of contemporary school history; it is still more remarkable that the idea should have been put into effect. But the book has an interest, quite apart from its peculiarity as a *tour de force* of precocious scholarship, because it throws much light on a critical period in the history of Eton rowing. Selwyn was captain of one of the Eton boats at the time of the famous practical joke against Keates, and his diary is a document of the first importance to students of the history of rowing. Dr. Warre has added to his translation an excellent introduction and some useful notes, written with all the gravity of a commentary on an obscure classic.

BETWEEN THE ACTS. By Henry W. Nevinson. 9s. net. (Murray.)

In this exceedingly interesting miscellany Mr. Nevinson has embodied much of personal observation and experience. The two opening essays give very vivid and pleasant glimpses of the author's earlier years both at home and at school, and are written with a charm and a quiet humour that tempt one back to read them through again. The stories are wonderfully varied. "In Twenty-four Hours," an episode of the terrible stampede of the Greeks, in their war against Turkey, is charged with a tense but reticent pathos, and the fearsome panic-stricken flight itself is described with such an imaginative realism that it haunts the reader almost as if it were an actual memory of his own. Other stories are of the Boer war; of various phases of life abroad; of journalistic life at home; and one ("The Last Rag") is of lower London, and will rank with Mr. Nevinson's masterly and never sufficiently recognised "Neighbours of Ours." The lyrics interspersed among the stories are touched with a grace and melody of poetic fancy and emotion; of the ballads, perhaps "A Ballad of God's Mercy" is the most powerful and the most finely imaginative. This is an arresting and a memorable book, written with the sureness of touch, the knowledge of life and broad humanity that marks all Mr. Nevinson's best work.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. S. C. BROWN, LANGHAM AND CO.

It is always pretty to watch the grave scholar unbend to little children; and in **Letters Written by a Grandfather** (2s. 6d. net) we may see the late Dr. George Birkbeck Hill through the eyes of his grandchildren, kind, amusing, always sufficiently serious, and with that gift of simple speech and picturesque imaginings in which he would almost seem to have anticipated Lewis Carroll, the well-beloved. Most of us know of Dr. Birkbeck Hill as the genial and profound Johnsonian scholar, volume upon volume standing to prove his erudition; indeed, the name of Johnson has found its way even into this collection of gay letters and pretty stories, in the shape of an invitation to one of the "grandchildren" requesting in formal style the pleasure of her company at the "Old Cheshire Cheese," "to eat the Famous Beef Steak Pudding, and in solemn silence to drink to the Immortal Memory of Dr. Samuel Johnson"; but this little book is a tiny treasure house of pretty tales, happy nonsense, and loving advice, which many a child who has never heard of "Boswell's Johnson" will love as the gift of an understanding friend.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

The hundreds of art-loving men and women who admire the works of Jean François Millet should certainly read the revealing, inspiring volume on **Millet and the Barbizon School** (10s. 6d. net), lately given us by Arthur Tomson. Here we get a happier idea of Millet's life and life-work. The general impression that the artist's existence was a martyrdom of ill-health, gripping poverty, inappreciation and abuse, is here shown to be over-accentuated. Suffering and poverty there were, and a failure of the French people to understand the original genius who had arisen in their midst. In a country where, it may be said, artificiality is so natural, it needed time and education to give the power of understanding actual nature as presented by Millet. But Millet possessed great joys within himself, and resources which an outer world could not know. There is new matter, a new point of view, in this book; and with its chapters on Diaz, Dupré, Rousseau, and other painters of their school, and its wealth of reproductions it is an art-book of conspicuous interest.

Among publishers who have done most for popularising the Arts and bringing a knowledge of beauty within the reach of the million, Messrs. Bell must be given a front place. They now begin a **Miniature Series of Musicians** (1s. net each), of which four volumes lie before us—"Mozart," by Ebenezer Prout; "Beethoven," by J. S. Shedlock; "Gounod," by Henry Tolhurst; "Sullivan," by H. Saxe Wyndham; and these will do for lovers of music what the "Miniature Series of Painters" has done for lovers of the sister art; they will place before readers, in a concise, and at the same time picturesque manner, the life and beginnings of the composer, his struggles, his successes, his work and its characteristics. One of the admirable features of these little volumes is that while they are to a great extent uniform, we notice that each biographer has allowed himself a certain freedom to deal most fully with that portion of the life or work of his subject which proved most interesting. Illustrations, facsimiles, and bibliography add much to the real value of the tasteful little books.

Mrs. Arthur Bell has made the subject of **The Saints in Christian Art** (14s. net) her own; and in this third collection of lives and legends and pictures of holy men and women we have what is in some ways the most interesting, and was, perhaps, the most difficult to achieve of all her volumes. Here are chronicles of Anglo-Saxon kings, bishops, and many a later saint scarcely ever heard of by the many, but with a memory kept alive in some remote church, or by some decaying baptistery. This beautiful volume is a storehouse of early Christian history and of picturesque story, with reproductions which include the work of painters from Fra Angelico to Burne-Jones, from Dürer to Ford Madox Brown.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.

The journeyings of a man who makes his way across a country with sufficient money, no language, and a distaste for the beaten track, is bound to be worth reading, even if the man merely chronicles the bare truth. When he tells of his adventures with intelligence and a literary feeling the account becomes extremely entertaining. Mr.

Bart Kennedy tells, in **A Tramp in Spain** (10s. 6d. net), of his travels from the south to the north of Spain—from Andalusia to Andorra—with a revolver, a knapsack, and a passport; and not only did he find it an amusement and an education, but he found that America's pity for Spain is unneeded. Spain does very well, is happy, less over-worked, and better fed than America, taken as a whole, and a good country to travel in. Mr. Kennedy can tell of great and of simple doings, of picturesque and ridiculous situations, so well when he is quite natural, that we can only deplore as so much waste the pages on which he takes to his "fine writing." When, for instance, he watches the dancing of the bolero and talks about it as on page 13, it affects us so strongly that we feel nervous every time he watches another dance—the bolero should not be made ludicrous. Apart from these lapses into affectation, however, the book is capital, and we are impressed with the author's observation, power of enjoyment, and cheerful resourcefulness.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS.

Following a custom which is older than memory, Mr. St. John Lucas dreams, and from under the beautiful, or tragic, or bright or sad, nebulous imaginings he brings to light truths, great, comforting, inevitable, and eternal. **The Vintage of Dreams** (3s. 6d. net) is just this. Six stories, noticeably refined in style, delicate in workmanship, and at the same time showing strength under their fineness, seem to have evolved, complete, finished, out of a dreamy, artistic nature which thinks many thoughts too misty, wide, and glamorous for volume form. And beneath these stories there is always a truth, the truth of love, of faith, of forgiveness, of renouncement, never over-insisted upon, but always felt. A most satisfying gathering of the fruit.

MESSRS. GREENING AND COMPANY.

In his **Idylls of Yorkshire** (6s.), John Craven has set out to do for that part of England something of what Mr. Barrie and his imitators have done for "Thrums" and other parts of Scotland; and there is some good material in his volume. If Mr. Craven has missed success in his endeavour it is by a fault over which we are always more hopeful than over almost any other. He is too terse. This is decidedly better than being verbose, but the "Idylls" strike us as being more like notes for the fuller work than a finished literary expression of a situation or a train of circumstances.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Since the days when men and women first realised what it was to have a sense of humour, it has been the almost invariable custom of the educated to ridicule the romance of the beautiful girl of low position who, with a strain of aristocratic blood in her veins, finally comes to recognition and "high Society." But Mr. Percival Pickering has changed this order of things by his new novel, **Toy Gods** (6s.). He laughs himself, and he means us to laugh (as we most certainly do), over his heroine Amelia, niece of Mrs. Burgess, charwoman (who "dose od jobs," according to her professional card), and granddaughter of an Admiral. Amelia has a beautiful face, a free way with her, and the accent of Cockaigne. She is by no means the meek girl of high intentions with whom exalted relations might be pleased. But Amelia wins her way to close intercourse with her cultured step-sister; and then out of the amusing, laughter-provoking theme gradually evolve more serious phases. Amelia, in spite of her sharp, smart, shrewdly opinionative nature, finds something better than she has anticipated, and is yet too good for it. This is an admirable book, well-written and entertaining, with an underlying strength.

In **Delphine** (6s.) Curtis Yorke has maintained her reputation for bright, careful novel-writing. Without attempting unusual problems or subtleties, she seldom fails to give to her work a distinctiveness which lifts it well above the average. Delphine is a maddening, aggravating, bewitching, beautiful little heroine, half-French and wholly mischievous, who drove to anger and distraction and enduring love the middle-aged bachelor on an adjoining estate. Bright repartee and some untoward circumstances carry along briskly a story which is predestined to meet with a ready welcome at the libraries.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

An altogether fascinating and informing volume on **Mediæval England** (5s.) has been written by Miss Mary Bateson, Associate and Lecturer of Newnham College. It is one of the "Story of the Nations" Series, and deals with England between the years 1066-1350. Miss Bateson has done some wonder-work in putting before her readers the light and colour and movement of the mediæval period; she has not so much set herself to describe high events chiefly, but to show men and women and social life as shaped and influenced by those high events. Details of the customs, amusements, superstitions and costumes are given with accuracy and appropriateness. As a picture of the England of the period it is in its way a triumph.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

"From New Year's Day to New Year's Eve the gardener's work never ceases"; and one of the prettiest practical helps to the gardener with cultivated tastes and a real love of nature is issued by Mr. George Allen. This is **The Garden Diary,** which may be had bound either in cloth or leather (2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. net). It is truly a calendar of nature, with a beautiful quotation and a space for nature notes and practical jottings for every day; with gardening directions by Miss Rose Kingsley; and a reproduction of one of Mrs. Allingham's tenderly beautiful paintings as frontispiece. A handy, ever-pleasing little book, of the kind which becomes a real friend.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK.

Mr. Charles G. Harper, who has already done so much to teach us our own country's geography, and preserve its legends and valuable associations, now offers a new contribution to our pleasure and knowledge, in **The Ingoldsby Country** (6s.). By word and sketch he impresses us with the loneliness, the desolateness, the antiquity and the reality of the country of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and going forward from a biographical chapter on the kindly humorist, Richard Harris Barham, the writer of the classic "Legends," Mr. Harper points out the literary landmarks of those gruesome, witty, ever-fascinating poems—the marshes, the downs, the four-cross roads, the ghostly halls of Kent. Here is new ground—or newly-turned ground—for the literary pilgrim.

MR. JOHN HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER.

In **A Woman of Moods** (6s.), by Maude Robertson, we have a novel in which a wealth of material, just observation, capacity for characterisation, a good idea of dramatic situations, and a general facility for essential dialogue, may all be noted. The story is one of a young man and a girl who, after a runaway, secret marriage in Scotland, part four months later in anger and pride. They meet again in Paris after a year or so, but they are set about with fresh faces, scenes, and complications; and, keeping their secret, they meet in cold, formal antagonism. Miss Robertson's weakness lies in her faulty sense of proportion; she has rather too much material to manipulate, and in parts there is insufficient space for development. Nevertheless her book is interesting and holds promise.

Reprints and New Editions.

THE UNIT LIBRARY.

One of the most pleasing and appropriately produced reprints which has been issued for a very long time is the new volume of **Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini** (6s. net), sent to us by the Unit Library. The translation is that of Thomas Roscoe, revised by Luigi Ricci, and the volume, which is bound in rough calf ornamented with the arms of the Cellinis designed by Benvenuto himself, is further adorned with photogravures of the writer and some of his most famous works. In appearance, this "curious autobiography" is admirably calculated to please the taste of bookmen; its mellow brown binding suiting both the subject and the library which shall hold it. Cellini's story of his life, his vicissitudes, and his wonderful metal work, possesses an added charm when offered in so well-chosen a style.

MR. HENRY FROWDE.

Yet another edition of Shakespeare's works is offered to a critical public, and the production, we think, may certainly be called unique. In this **Oxford Miniature Edition of Shakespeare,** 3 vols. (3s. 6d. each), the whole of the poet's tragedies are included in one little volume about the size of a handy prayer-book—strictly speaking, 32mo, 4⅛ by 2⅞ inches. Another volume, about the same thickness, contains the Comedies, and a third is devoted to Histories, Poems and Sonnets. Thus the whole of Shakespeare's output, edited by that tireless scholar, Mr. W. J. Craig, with glossaries and portraits, may be had in three Liliputian tomes, thanks to the marvellous virtue of the Oxford India paper. This is no mere pretty toy publication, but a serious edition which will be a boon to students on a holiday, and professors on their travels, as well as to the general public.

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